

STERN IMMIGRATION

CHINESE ACCENT

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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MR. BENNETT'S EMBARRASSMENT

THE session of Parliament that came to a close on June 11th no doubt held an average amount of interest for the members and for their determined friends the lobbyists. To them the long wrangle over details of the budget, the raids and counter-attacks over the estimates, and the more exhilarating battles over one or two private bills in the last moments of the session would have the excitement that any conflict holds for the belligerents. But to the nine million Canadians who cannot share in these little enjoyments of their representatives the session must have seemed extraordinarily dull and unproductive. For the second year the Liberal Government has put through a budget that might just as well have been devised substantially by Conservatives; although the St. Lawrence Waterway is already an issue of the first importance, the clash and intrigue of the interests involved has been kept well below the surface of events; and the investigation into the workings of our immigration policy has resulted in two or three obvious but quite superficial recommendations of the Committee being adopted by an impatient House in the press of the last week's sitting. Since the country is well into a period of prosperity, the Government has been content to let sleeping dogs lie or give them a whiff of chloroform, and, while doing nothing positive to exploit our prosperity or to ensure its continuance, has called proudly on the electors to witness the fruits of its labours in past years. No true-born Canadian is surprised at this attitude of the party in power, but on the other hand he expects under these circumstances to be given a lead by the opposition. One would have thought the Conservatives, under a newly-elected, vigorous, and popular leader, would have been quick

to seize their opportunity; yet up to the present it has taken all Mr. Bennett's rococo verbosity to conceal from the public the fact that he has nothing to say.

* * *

THE fact is that both our historic parties are trying to handle twentieth-century issues with nineteenth-century policies, and, since the Liberals are in power and the Conservatives out, this situation is much more embarrassing for Mr. Bennett than for Mr. King. On the new issues of real importance to the country the split of public opinion cuts across all party lines; but the nineteenth-century die-hards who control each party's strategy refuse to face the hazards of a realignment, and it is because they Burke the live issues and appeal to dead sentiments that our politics have such an air of unreality. On the St. Lawrence development question, as an example, Mr. Bennett is embarrassed by the clamour of Tory diehards for an All-Canadian Waterway—a cry that might have appealed to national sentiment in 1828 but which is ridiculous today. The real issue on the Waterway question is not whether we will co-operate with the United States, but whether the invaluable water-power developed through that necessary co-operation is to be secured for the public benefit or exploited by private interests. It is a question of public ownership of public utilities against private ownership, and on this question in all its branches there is no clear difference between our two great parties whatever. Some are for and some are against, within each party, and the Liberals are peculiarly embarrassed in this regard since Quebec is the stronghold of private ownership while the Prairie Provinces are of all the keenest on public ownership and co-operative movements. But if the Conservatives wish to capitalize

this condition, they will have to adopt a programme so enlightened and progressive that it would be as revolting in their Old Guard as a red flag to a bull.

* * *

IN the controversy over our constitutional issues the same confusion prevails, for here again opinion cuts across party lines. At the last Imperial Conference the matter of Dominion status was summed up very fairly as follows: 'Equality of status, so far as Britain and the Dominions are concerned, is thus the root principle governing our inter-imperial relations. But the principles of equality and similarity, appropriate to status, do not universally extend to function.' So long as the Dominions, representing some twenty millions of people, are junior partners in the Commonwealth, and Great Britain is the senior partner, representing an Empire of four hundred and thirty millions, we can hardly expect more than this. As the Dominions grow into nations of more weight and influence, new schemes will have to be worked out giving them more control. The condition is one that time alone can change. But since the Liberals, who attended the Conference, have stressed the importance of the first sentence in the passage quoted, the Conservative opposition has automatically stressed the second. The fact remains that Macdonald and Borden have done quite as much to promote our autonomy and national status as Laurier and Mackenzie King. As for the question of our right to change our constitution, this is not an issue between Canada and Britain, or between Liberals and Conservatives, but one between English-speaking Canada and Quebec; and if the Conservatives now champion the *status quo* it is more in the hope of catching Quebec votes than in any spirit of consistency. In the whole question of our relation to the Empire it is the Conservatives (judging by their oratory) who should be championing a broad policy of inter-imperial co-operation, political and economic, for the mutual benefit of Canada and the Old Country. Yet it was the Liberals and not the Conservatives who inaugurated the imperial tariff preference, and it is the Old Guard of the Conservative party who still offer the most determined opposition to any increase of that preference that might affect the profits of a group of our small manufacturers.

* * *

THE one honest difference between the two old parties for many years has been the tariff question: whatever else failed them, the Conservatives could always fall back on that. But the hollow ring in Mr. Bennett's utterances today echoes the knell of the Conservative High Tariff Policy. The fine old tariff issue is as dead as Cock Robin, and Mr. Bennett has found it out at last. It is no wonder the new leader is plunged in consternation and protests rather wildly at political luncheons that he is neither for a

high tariff nor a low tariff or any sort of tariff except a tariff that will help Canadians to develop their country. Not only have the Liberals won three elections running on a low tariff platform; not only have the two great industries affected by Liberal tariff cuts increased their output, while other industries are thriving and new ones springing out of the ground on what the Conservatives have assured us is an impossible tariff basis; but the new trend of our national economic development that is now setting in makes any thought of a high tariff for the benefit of small manufacturers impossible. The West has always been solid against a high tariff and has caused some cuts already to be made. Now we have begun in earnest to open up our north country, and all across it from Quebec to British Columbia new communities are coming into being whose living will be made out of mining, agriculture, and forest products, and which will be solidly low-tariff in their politics. And in addition there is a new trend in our manufacturing industry as a whole. We have become a great exporting country and many of our biggest and most healthy manufacturing companies are already large exporters to world markets. The development of our water-power is going to bring into being more industries of a similar nature. And to such industries a tariff that lowers the cost of living and helps to keep down manufacturing costs is of more importance than a highly protected home market. The party with a low tariff policy is going to have the backing in future not only of the agricultural West, the mining North, and the free-trade Maritime Provinces, but of the most powerful industrial and financial interests as well.

* * *

TO meet these new conditions Mr. Bennett is not permitted to offer the country anything more modern than the national policy of Sir John A. Macdonald, which was new fifty years ago. It is an impossible situation. The only chance for the Conservative Party would seem to lie in occupying by a rapid advance the ground that lies ahead of the Liberals' line of march. If they can accomplish this (over the dead bodies of their own Old Guard, which dies but never surrenders), and adopt an enlightened policy of social legislation and of public ownership, together with a fiscal policy of high imperial tariff preferences, they may possibly again enjoy the fruits of office. And they could justify their retention of their old name by building into this new platform planks for the conservation of our natural resources and our national character in the exhilarating period of growth and expansion that lies ahead of us.

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

The Canadian Forum, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is unable at present to pay for material.

NOTES AND COMMENT

PROFESSOR MACLEOD

THE departure of Professor Macleod from Toronto to Aberdeen is of more than local concern. It means of course that the University of Toronto loses from its staff a man of international repute as a scholar—one of that small band which creates or maintains the prestige of any university in the eyes of the world. That function may be served by a professor who may be of no earthly use in the practical problems of his University or to the community at large. But Professor Macleod has excelled in the local as well as in the international sphere. There will be an inevitable void in the councils of the University, the loss of an inspiring chief to a band of young researchers and the loss of an enthusiastic teacher to the students in the medical faculty. He has been active in all that he has been associated with, the Royal Canadian Institute, the medical profession in Canada, the work of the Atlantic and Pacific Biological Stations, the Royal Society of Canada and other organizations too numerous to mention, here and in the United States. And because he has been not merely a passive ornament in any of these, his departure from Canada will be really felt. We have few men of Professor Macleod's versatility, few scientists so conversant with the arts or few men who have so many acquaintances of widely different interests. Perhaps the only blot on his shield is that he has contributed to our columns. We congratulate him on his homegoing—the homegoing of a Scot; for his twenty-five years sojourn on this continent does not appear to have been long enough to permit what we call Americanism to penetrate even the outer epidermis of his skin. We bid him godspeed; we, who remain, are consoled to think that he will not have to readjust his accent to his Aberdeen students.

IN MEMORIAM—FRED JACOB

HERE is a peculiar poignancy for the editorial colleagues of the late Fred Jacob on THE CANADIAN FORUM, in the concluding words of his last month's article in this journal. Speaking of theatrical censorship, he said that it 'remains like life, a comedy for those who think and a tragedy for those who feel'. Perhaps the expression of the thought was not his own, but he has made it so for us. It lies on his grave, sparkling and sombre. Twenty-four hours before his death, he exemplified mainly the lighter half of his remark. He sat at a Forum gathering, and in his chatty, cheerful discussion of books and the theatre and a special Fall number of THE CANADIAN FORUM, life was a give and take of gay comedy. What

we now interpret as a hovering of his tragedy came at times. He laughed at his ailment. 'It comes like the wind in the Scripture,' he said, and he raised a humorous protest when he declared 'I'm getting about fed-up with this trouble, I've been fighting it for forty years'. Few of us had ever thought of him as such an old soldier, or so early at the wars, and as far as we were concerned all that fighting had been kept to himself. Within twenty-four hours of that pleasant gathering he was gone, snatched beyond contact of friendship, and those left to feel had life's tragedy to realize. We can be only on the fringe of that feeling, for we were mostly no more than fellow-workers to Fred Jacob, and fellow-workers are like soldiers, living with the implied expectation of parting. We feel a solemn gladness in the sorrow of his going. We are thankful for our colleague, for his spirit, his direction, his ability, his work. The play ended quickly. We did not think the dramatist was approaching his climax. But we see it was fitting. Our friend seems not to have gone but to have been translated. It is difficult to realize the break in such a quick transition. May he rest well and rise in mind and body fitted to his high aspiration. Perhaps it illustrates his humour and breadth of spirit, rather than an imperfect sympathy in oneself, that I thought of him, even in his last rites, in comedy memory. I saw him in days not so long past, associated with the very men who were bearing his body, acting the part of a large, stout, kindly, old squaw in a farce about 'Poky or Pocohontas'. I recalled him also, at a Jamboree night of the Arts and Letters Club, dressed in a late Victorian woman's costume, personating a lady from Bullock's Corners, eager for Art Culture, and dragging a bored husband round an imaginary O.S.A. picture exhibition. The preacher spoke fervidly of him as 'a Christian gentleman'. He was that, indeed, but he concealed it as innocently as possible. Perhaps the term would have been tragic to him, and I feel that his love of the unities would applaud the comic memory, showing that he could be, on occasion, the perfect lady. Another bright refuge of memory was his little play *Autumn Blooming*, which has long stood in my mind as a sharp, kindly, humorous, piece of Canadian character, showing us clearly to ourselves. Surely that little play will become a classic in that ideal Canadian theatre of small town and village worked for so ardently by Fred Jacob.

The curtain is down.

He has gone home to write up his copy. I am sure, that on the whole, he liked the Play. He was not always comfortable. He did not always understand, but he felt an inexpressible nobility in the theme.

J.E.H.M.

WESTERN IMMIGRATION

By WATSON KIRKCONNELL

'**Y**ES,' said an American negro to a companion in peril, 'Us Anglo-Saxons has got to stick togredder.'

A hysterical newspaper letter from a Saskatchewan bishop, whose Welsh name proclaims him to be either non-Nordic or a hybrid of Teuton and Mediterranean, has just been urging true 'British' Canadians to unite against the admission into Western Canada of 'non-British' stocks. Those who object to a 'mongrel Canada' are exhorted to protest straightway against imminent contamination of the chosen race.

It would be unfortunate if these insolent and un-Christian fulminations against European immigrants were to be accepted as a typically Western utterance. Intolerance is bad enough, but such crass ignorance of history and ethnology would probably be repudiated with scorn by most Westerners of average education. These latter might even, under the circumstances, endorse a public recapitulation of certain scientific and historical facts.

The so-called 'British' stock, for instance, is a confused blending of dark pre-Nordic types (blood-kin of the Mediterranean peoples) with Angles, Saxons, Danes, Norwegians, and Norman-French. The 'black breed' of Scotland and the Skirbolgs of Ireland represent more diverse elements still. Purity of British race is a figment of the imagination; yet the blended stock, fused in a national tradition of achievement, has a glorious record.

If it be objected that England has at least none of the broad-headed peoples of Central and Eastern Europe, and that these are a dead weight to progress, one has only to point to the predominance of these types in France, North Italy, Switzerland, and the south and east of Germany. In all of these countries, there are mingled all of the racial stocks of Europe, and these very nations have been foremost in the development of European culture.

The scientific truth of the matter is that greatness in civilization has almost invariably come from a blending of races and cultures. The most splendid mongrels of all were perhaps the ancient Athenians, who, at the height of their achievement, were a fine mixture of blond Hellene and dark Pelasgic, with some Alpine, possibly Slavic, elements superadded. Thus Plato was a Nordic type, Aristotle was a dark Mediterranean, and Socrates, who was apparently neither, may have had Slavic affinities.

The Saskatchewan bishop singles out for his condemnation Scandinavians, Dutch, Germans, Czechoslovaks, Belgians, Hungarians, Poles, and Ruthenians. A schoolboy could tell him that the first three groups

mentioned are our own cousins by blood, and among the most advanced peoples on earth to-day. Scandinavia has led the world in the literature of the twentieth century. The Dutch reputation for law, government, sobriety, and honesty is unsurpassed. Germany has for a century been pre-eminent in science and in music. The Czechoslovaks, again, are one of the most notable of modern peoples, with a rich culture extending back to the Middle Ages; their University of Prague is one of the oldest in Europe. Belgians and Hungarians need no apologies on the prairies. Poles and Ruthenians have shouldered most of the heavy construction work of the West—work to which the soft-handed Anglo-Saxon has come to feel himself superior. These Slavic peoples are, moreover, born lovers of the soil, industrious, patient, and progressive. It is hard to see where the alarmist can find fuel for his fire, except in low ignorance.

It will be objected, perhaps, that while these nationalities have splendid cultural records, the immigrant to Canada never represents their successful stocks (who stay at home in Europe), but rather the crude unfit types of the farm and the factory. That our Central European immigrants are largely uneducated is probably true; but that they are low grade does not follow. That might be the case in countries where several generations of democratic opportunity had permitted the cream to rise to the top; but with these peoples that is not the case. They bring to us the undeveloped potentialities of virgin stock, and their true quality is not evident until the second generation. That it then emerges is shown by the fact that in 1926 out of twelve general proficiency scholarships in the freshman year of the University of Manitoba, ten were captured by new Canadians and only two by our vaunted Anglo-Saxons. Those who are engaged in educational work in the West know that while their task is a critical one, it is full of promise.

Another side of the European-Canadian achievement will be demonstrated in a great Folk-song and Handicraft Festival which is being held in Winnipeg this June. We are only now becoming aware of the wealth of folk poetry and music which these people bring to us, and of the variety and beauty of the handicrafts by which they will be able to alleviate both the tedium of a Western farm winter and the deadly uniformity of a Machine Age.

We have in the prairies a region capable of sustaining at least fifty millions of people; it is the future centre of gravity of Canada's population. If we restrict this territory to so-called Britishers, it will remain sparsely settled until opened up by Oriental com-

pulsion a century hence. The history of France and other European countries shows us that the intermixture of all the races of Europe is not a handicap, but a positive enrichment of national life. What excuse then have we, in the name of reason, self-interest, and

common decency, for excluding the overflow of crowded Europe? Our needs are mutual, our hopes are mutual. Let us have an end of this muddy-minded contempt for those by whose gifted help we are to build up a great and richly dowered nation!

MONDISM

EVERYONE who has followed events in Great Britain since the industrial depression of 1921 must have noticed during the past few months many signs that British industry is turning the corner at last. Although the coal and cotton trades are in acute distress and some of the heavy industries still in the doldrums, trade in the southern counties is flourishing, there seems to be a quickening of industry as a whole with a new spirit of co-operation and enterprise, and the government policy has crystallized in a constructive effort to put industry on its feet. All this implies that the British people are orienting themselves to their new industrial post-war world. Having vacillated for years between the poles of socialism and reactionary capitalism, they have characteristically decided on a compromise and are rapidly converging on Mondism.

There is a good deal to be said for Mondism in the world of material affairs. While its means are capitalistic, its ends are not so very different from those of many socialists; and in a period of exhaustion and frustration, its creed has appealed to the common-sense of progressives and futurists in all parties. Mondism is founded on the belief that industry is dynamic, not static, and is capable of indefinite expansion. It stands for industrial peace and progress, to be achieved by co-operation between the industrial trinity of capital, management, and labour, each of which is recognized as a co-partner with equal rights in the common enterprise of production. It stands for profit-sharing, high wages, stability of employment, and the lowered cost of production by improved technique. It stands for the rationalization of industry by adjusting the means of production to the probable means of consumption and by the regulation of prices to a consistent level. And these ends are to be gained by varied applications of the principle that all workers should be shareholders or gain-sharers, by the marriage—prolific, not companionate—of industry and science, by the organization of industry in ever-larger units, by substituting co-operation for competition between industries within national limits, and by the development of collective bargaining between international amalgamations or cartels. It is also essential that the national fiscal policy should be adjusted with due regard to the claims of productive industry as against those of finance.

This is the gospel that has been preached for years by Sir Alfred Mond,* and it seems only fair to give it his name since, although others have preached it in whole or in part, he has practised it on the largest scale. His industry has been growing, building new plants and starting new subsidiaries, in times when other industries have been wasting away, and it has had no serious labour troubles for fifty years. It is a curious thing that the creed of this man—whose political career has not been brilliant, who is regarded as the sworn foe of socialism, the renegade of Liberalism, and, by many, as a recruit of dubious value to Conservatism—should appear to be on the verge of converting the nation. Yet the present trend is clearly in this direction. The projected course for the salvation of the coal industry is along Mond lines; in textiles, as another example, it was the application of Mond principles, at a time when the trade was in the lowest water, that developed the potentialities of the new artificial silk fabrics into an entirely new industry, employing tens of thousands of workers and flourishing now like the green bay tree. Sir Alfred has succeeded in his efforts towards industrial peace to the extent of bringing employers and Trades Unions together in a conference whose recommendations are proving refreshingly radical; and he has just completed an arrangement with American financiers by which enormous credits are made available for efficient British industries, old and new. But most important of all as a sign of the times is Mr. Churchill's Producer's Budget, which inaugurates a definite national policy for the relief of productive industries from the load of local taxation that was driving them into bankruptcy, and which is as purely Mondistic in its nature as Sir Alfred's famed moustache.

The question naturally arises as to the effect of an era of Mondism on the advent of socialism; but the difference between co-operative individualism and co-operative socialism is more one of theory than of fact; and under a system which will entail a higher standard of living and of intelligence, the British people will probably continue their crab-like advance towards socialism at a slightly accelerated pace. The further question presents itself as to the effect of

*A collection of his speeches with additional essays has been published by Macmillans under the title of INDUSTRY AND POLITICS; pp. ix, 337; \$3.75.

Mondism on the future of the Commonwealth. No one knows better than Sir Alfred himself how rapidly the nations of Europe are moving towards an economic union. When that is accomplished, Great Britain will find herself competing with two colossal economic units, the United States of America and the United States of Europe. Even with her industry rational-

ized to the nth degree, she, and each of the Dominions as well, will be outclassed, unless they can unite in carrying Mondism to its logical conclusion and organize the whole Empire in one vast economic complex. That will be a tough proposition: we had better begin to think about it now.

R. DE B.

MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE

By JOHN CAMERON MARTIN

THREE is a great deal being said and written just now about armaments and military expenditure. Much of it is, no doubt, purely academic, but the Dominion Parliament's vote of \$18,729,946.42 for national defence lacks nothing of reality. Add to that sum the various appropriations for armouries, barracks, and navy yards which appear under the heading of Public Works and the total rises well over \$19,000,000.00. Add to that again \$15,932,812.42 appropriated to national defence in 1927-28, and some \$13,000,000.00 in 1926-27—it is noticeable that the sums are in an ascending scale from year to year—and one finds oneself juggling the figures which are grasped best, if at all, by high financiers, astronomers, and evolutionists.

Figures are given to show that Canada is spending less upon military establishment than the other countries of the world. It is said that the percentage of the annual budget so spent is, in Canada $3\frac{7}{10}$, while in Great Britain it is $14\frac{1}{2}$, in the United States 16, in Japan $27\frac{3}{4}$, and in other countries various proportions all higher than in Canada. There is small comfort in such statistics. They beg the question. If this country is spending more than is necessary, or more than it can afford, then it is spending too much.

Canada's national debt amounted (Dec. 31st, 1924) to \$2,940,099,008.35, leaving out an obese total of 590 millions of securities guaranteed by the Dominion. It amounted, that is to say, to about \$316 per head of population, or about \$1,580 for John Citizen, his wife, and their three children. Now let John add to his discomfiture, and to the sum last mentioned, his share of provincial and municipal indebtedness, of which the former (including guaranteed securities, but excluding sinking funds) stood on the same date at 697 millions, and the latter at 706 millions. Canada will pay this year \$128,722,643.53 in interest on the federal public debt alone, an amount between one-quarter and one-third of the Dominion's total debt in 1909.

Looking at the matter from another angle, it appears that \$3,730,000.00 are to be spent upon Public Works, Chargeable to Capital, and \$17,041,776.74 upon

Public Works, Chargeable to Income. If the appropriations for military purposes already referred to, be taken out of the latter category and added to National Defence, little difference will be found between the totals. The vote for agriculture is \$7,247,500.00. So that one may infer that national defence is relatively as important as public works and between two and three times as important as agriculture, notwithstanding that the latter is usually regarded as the basic industry of our national life.

Nineteen million dollars was the sum, according to the leader of the Opposition, which, annually deposited in a sinking fund, would pay off the national debt inside of fifty years. Yet we are to leave that debt as a legacy to our great-grandchildren, for it is admitted that, as matters now stand, the industry of many generations will be required to pay it. If the costly lesson of the Great War be forgotten, and some intervening generation be foolish or unfortunate enough to be drawn into another war, then our great-grandchildren may well curse the day they were born. Furthermore, nineteen million dollars is almost the amount which was paid for the Flin Flon mine. If Canada is to give away a Flin Flon mine every year for the protection of a security which nobody threatens, how long is the country to last?

It should be unnecessary to explain that everything here written is set down with the profoundest admiration for Canadians on active service in the Great War. Gallantry and self-sacrifice could go no farther than did theirs. Nor can it be too much emphasized that they fought, they were maimed or died with the statement, constantly repeated, ringing in their ears that it was 'the war to end war.' Theirs was an idealism unsurpassed in history.

Bearing that in mind, it does seem strange that the futile protests against the expenditure upon national defence are received as the dreams of idealists, sincere perhaps, but somewhat woolly-minded.

The business man finds profit and prestige proportionately as he tracks unnecessary overhead to its lair and does away with it. If a citizen, operating, let us say, a general store in a village of five hundred in-

**CANADIAN CELEBRITIES—VII.****HON. JOHN BRACKEN**

*Premier, Provincial Treasurer and President of
Council of the Province of Manitoba.*

By JACK McLAREN

habitants should say 'I owe the Dominion of Canada a lot of money, and some to the province and some more to the village. I must do something about it—and business hasn't been so good lately. I guess I'd better get some more clerks and a uniformed door-man,' his neighbours would soon begin to draw each other aside and inquire whether John hadn't been acting a little queer lately. Military expenditure is overhead. 'The soldier,' says the economist, 'must be supported by the rest of the community. He does not contribute directly to its well-being.'

Surely, therefore, the citizen has the right to know that these great disbursements are justified by some very real necessity, or to put it another way, to know that Canada can better afford to make them than not to make them. There is no mean—either they are unavoidable or they are a colossal folly. How then, does this pressing need arise? An examination of Canada's circumstances and of what has been said upon the subject leads first to the conclusion that it has not been shown to exist, that it cannot be shown to exist, and to the suspicion that we Canadians, 'playing the sedulous ape' to foreign teachers, must have a military establishment because the nations of Europe have them, because we cannot shake off the militaristic barnacle upon our European traditions.

To digress a moment, it may be noticed here that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's dictum 'When Britain is at war, Canada is at war' no longer applies. That was proved conclusively by the Chanak incident of 1922 when the Canadian government refused to commit itself to a war with Turkey without giving parliament the opportunity to pass upon the facts and to judge the propriety of Canadian intervention. The old doctrine was disavowed again recently, when Canada informed the mother country that she could not endorse the proposed treaty with Egypt because it involved both military sanctions and a military alliance. And in fairness be it said, there is authority for the statement that there is in Britain no inclination to deny the right of the Dominions to remain neutral, if they so desire, when Britain is at war. One may, then, consider Canada's position from her own point of view without being accused of introducing any new or subversive theory.

One reason that is given for this great appropriation is that Canada must have an air-force because of the danger of attack by air. Who, then, is our enemy? Is it Japan? Is it Russia? Neither of those countries could attack Canada by air with any hope of its machines returning. The possibility of attack by aerial forces operating from naval plane-carriers is answered in the next paragraph but one.

Is it the United States? That is the only nation which could attack us by air, and any attack so made would inevitably be accompanied by offensives over

land and water. It is true that Canada, as constituted at the time, has been defended against the neighbouring country, but in past wars it has never been necessary to defend the long stretch of prairie border-line. The hopelessness of any attempt to do so against a nation ten times the size of Canada, must be obvious to the most casual thinker. All that the prairie dweller could do would be to light out for the Rocky Mountains and there make his stand under some William Tell as yet, let us hope, unborn.

Happily, however, that possibility may be dismissed. The fact is that Canada's greatest safeguard is her proximity to the United States. Apart from the inherent friendliness between the two peoples, apart from the Rush-Bagot treaty and from the Monroe doctrine, their millions of capital invested in this country mean that American business men could not afford to see Canada attacked with the consequent risk of loss which such an attack would involve. Nowadays business calls the tune.

If it be argued that this line of thought admits dependence upon the United States, the answer, far from inferring any such admission, is that our geographical position sets us free to follow the sensible example of some of the Scandinavian countries—which appear not at all in the table of military expenditures above quoted—and mind our own business in our own way. Canadian capital in Brazil and Mexico, and it is there in its millions, must rely upon these considerations, because it is affirmed and reaffirmed that Canadian forces are not intended for service beyond the shores of Canada.

II.

Again, it is said that Canada's military expenditure is a form of insurance, with the inference that the country is being insured against internal combustion. The analogy, however, does not hold. Two or three years ago, when militia were sent into the strike area in Cape Breton, the pressure of public opinion was so strong that they had to be withdrawn. The Winnipeg strike, damnable as it was, was broken, not by soldiers, but by well-trained and efficient police, backed by the power and urge of an outraged citizenry.

Argument could, of course, centre upon the proper exercise of police power, but the subject is simplified by the mere definition of terms. The American and English Encyclopædia of Law says that police power 'in its broadest acceptation means the general power of a government to preserve and promote the public welfare by prohibiting all things hurtful to the comfort, safety and welfare of society, and establishing such rules and regulations for the conduct of all persons and the use and management of all property as may be conducive to the public interest.' It means,

too, 'the maintenance of public tranquillity among the citizens.' Since Canada can disregard the possibility of attack from without, the exercise of these powers, both positive and negative, is as far as government should be called upon to go. It is an undertaking, too, in which government, irrespective of party, can be assured of the fullest possible support, for the maintenance of the King's peace is the great desideratum of the people.

It may be said that all this leaves out of account Canada's commerce upon the sea. Here one is tempted to the flippant retort that so do the estimates, speaking comparatively, for the appropriation for naval services is about one-quarter of the amount set aside for militia services. Yet Canada's sea-borne commerce—fifth in volume among the nations of the world—is often cited as the primary and compelling reason why she should be adequately defended. That retort, however, may be considered as unsaid.

Occasions may arise when nationals and national enterprises abroad are menaced. There are Chinese pirates. A few weeks ago a ship was attacked by pirates from Northern Africa almost under the guns of Gibraltar. There may be potential pirates in what is called Rum Row. These also are matters for police to handle, and preferably international police. If, for this assertion, one be charged with being, to paraphrase an expression of the late Nicholas Flood Davin's, 'a pusillanimous propagandist of a preposterous optimism,' he may hasten to the protection of no less a person than John Bright. That great statesman said: —

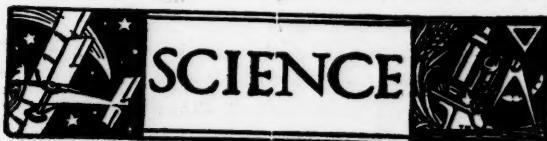
I like to dwell upon it—but I frequently think the time may come when the maritime nations of Europe may see that those vast fleets are of no use; that they are merely menaces offered from one country to another; and that they may come to this wise conclusion,—they will combine at their joint expense, and under some joint management, to supply the sea with a sufficient sailing and armed police, which may be necessary to keep the peace on all parts of the watery surface of the globe, and that those great instruments of war and oppression shall no longer be upheld.

During the sixty years that have elapsed since these words were spoken, the world has advanced at least to the point where, in the League of Nations, the body exists which might exercise that joint control, to the great relief of the taxpayer. More to the point, perhaps, and certainly the best evidence that such a combination is possible, is the fact that it has been made. Bright might well have regarded the joint expedition sent by the Powers to put down the Boxer rebellion as well as the one sent to Shanghai last year as being, *in principle*, the embodiment of the idea.

Are all these considerations impractical and visionary? Then look for a moment at the stern and rock-bound practicality of war. The War of 1812 was settled without any reference to its causes. The

Napoleonic War was fought—and won—that no Bonaparte might sit on the throne of France. Yet in the next generation a Bonaparte did sit upon that throne. Not only so, he sat there with the friendship and approval of Britain, which latter country joined him in making war on Russia. The Crimean War was fought through disease, bloodshed, blunders and corruption—and won—and in 1871 the things for which it had been fought were surrendered. The Great War was fought—and won. Concerning it, the French economist Francis Delaisi argues cogently that at its end 'war aims' were allowed to obscure the proper recognition of the working of economic laws. His conclusion is that 'the war had settled nothing and the peace had repaired nothing. It was the most complete failure of which history has a record.' Such are the futilities which paradoxically keep the nations at each others' throats.

Canada is admirably situated to avoid them and to work out her destiny unmolested. It is ground common to all sections of opinion that the development of her resources has little more than begun; that development is the country's greatest need, and much could be done towards that end with nineteen millions of dollars per year. Meanwhile, to leave them dormant and to spend such a sum upon their defence is as if the servant in the parable had said 'Lord, here is thy pound which I have kept laid up in a napkin, for I feared these others lest they take it from me. But see, I have bought myself a nice, shiny revolver for the protection of thy pound.'



SCIENCE AS AN ART

IT IS astonishing how many people hasten to attribute to science functions of doubtful value and merits which it does not deserve while they continue to overlook what many thinking persons will agree is its most important rôle. The supposed great merit of its utility, for instance, is so freely taken for granted that obviously little attention is given to the possibility that its chief point of merit may lie elsewhere. The political habit of appealing to second-rate motives, adopted by scientists in public dealing with their work, together with lack of perception and intellectual snobbishness on the part of others, have given science its accepted reputation and established the stand-point from which it is most commonly regarded. The consequence is that for every man who misunderstands the highest functions of art, there are two who misunderstand science.

In one of his lectures Ruskin asserted that the 'appointed function of art is the interpretation of fact.' If this is true, the artist must certainly begin by discovering his facts. But he is no artist who stops at that point; upon his observations he must impose 'human design and authority in interpretation.' Having by observation acquired his facts, the ability of the artist to fulfill himself by design and interpretation is limited only by the power of his imagination. Therefore the commonest, if not the invariable difference between a great artist and a mediocrity is to be found in the imaginative faculty.

It is the chief merit of painting, to take an example, that while it is admirably adapted to deal directly with fact, yet it affords a fine opportunity to the highest of the human faculties. To give play to the imagination and opportunity to appreciate that play, is its most important rôle. Nevertheless many a man would show surprise at this suggestion and feel inclined to hold to the view that the chief importance of painting must be attached to the fact that it produces for permanent record life-like representations of perishable things such as men, places, even landscapes. How would he feel about a suggestion that likewise, it is the great rôle of science to provide an unrivalled vehicle to the imagination rather than to make mass production more massive?

The trouble with the accepted view of science is that it confines scientific effort to the discovery of fact, whereas the scientist would no more have fulfilled his highest function than the artist were he to stop at that point. In science, as in art, we must and do have 'the visible operation of the human intellect in the presentation of truth' and therefore the distinction between these two branches of intellectual activity is very much finer than is commonly supposed. Ruskin properly insisted, through the familiar analogy of the looking-glass, that a mere reflection of fact in any medium of expression does not constitute art. No more does it constitute science. But we hear everlastingly how the scientist 'holds the mirror up to nature,' as if that were the highest possible meaning of his efforts.

We must seek the reason for this mistake in a common and confused view of scientific theory. This view does not distinguish between the knowledge of 'facts' resulting from experiment and observation on the one hand, and on the other, the designs, theories, or, less appropriately, 'laws,' which the scientist creates in interpretation of these facts. But his knowledge of 'facts' is the product of his powers of observation and calculation while the 'law' is the product of his imagination. These two elements, identical with the two elements of art, are, therefore, very different in substance and should be sharply distinguished. They are, however, regularly confused. The essence of the

confusion consists in the habit, carefully nourished by unfortunate terminology, of regarding the invented theory or design as a product not of the imagination, but of processes of discovery by observation and calculation. Thus we hear of Dalton's 'discovery' of the atom or of Newton's 'discovery' of the law of universal gravitation, as if they were something immutable which must always have had a fixed and permanent existence, hidden away intact so obscurely that only a genius of observation could discover them. The simple and obvious truth is, of course, that neither atoms nor the law of gravitation could have been observed by anyone, for they had no existence except in the imagination of their inventors, who created them as designs, interpretations of ascertainable fact.

This sort of mistake carries with it a very practical and important difficulty which is worth a digression. Those who habitually neglect to treat the formulations of science as products of the imagination are constantly embarrassed by the kaleidoscopic changes which they undergo. No man of science escapes without many discussions with persons who inquire in an aggrieved tone of voice: 'But what are we to believe? This is said to be true today and something else tomorrow.' For much of this the scientist must be held to blame. It is far easier to speak of a generalization as 'true' than as a demonstrably fine interpretation of a certain body of fact. Regarded strictly as an interpretation, the facts obtrude, and the facts, often from their very number are difficult to deal with concisely and intelligibly, while to demonstrate the qualities of the interpretation is a very complex matter. On the other hand, the interpretation treated as if it were a fact, is relatively simple. Among fellow-scientists who are in the know, this procedure may have the justification of expediency, but employed elsewhere it has the effect of keeping a large body of serious, if simple, folk in a perpetual state of disillusionment, which is bad for everybody concerned.

If it is important to distinguish incessantly between the observational and imaginative elements of science in order to avoid gross misunderstandings, it is even more necessary to do so in order to have the fullest appreciation of science. The two elements must be taken separately. We judge of the first element by independent confirmation of the facts, and of the second by the manner, effectiveness, and permanence of its relation to these facts, just as we judge of the two elements of art. Greatness will not be found where either element is weak.

However, since good power of observation is more common than fine imagination, it will usually be found in science as in art, that what is greatest will be attributable to some unusual imagination. It is invariably a disciplined imagination. Discipline is acquired in

various ways, but in science chiefly by the exacting technique of the discovery and delimitation of fact. So severe is this discipline that the imagination of by far the majority of scientists rarely rises above it. Their lives are spent in contributing to the first element alone. This we must admit, though not balanced or great, is helpful and meritorious work to a greater extent than would be true of corresponding effort in painting. This is true, if for no other reason, because such work in highly-unified science produces matter which is important to those who have the endowment of imagination. On the other hand, there are restless and superficial spirits who, impatient of discipline, employ imagination badly or insufficiently related to fact. There were times when the whole of science consisted in this sort of effort. Whatever the art critic may think of such a procedure in his domain, the discerning student of science will certainly regard it as the least valuable form of scientific activity, if indeed he will allow it in that category at all.

The balance between the elements is obviously vital and for this reason: that it is in the nature of the relation between hard fact and imaginative theory that the beauty of science is to be found. It is true that an occasional matter of pure observation will appear to have an unusual quality of beauty. Analysis will invariably show, however, that this apparent quality comes from the circumstance that the observation

was precisely the one necessary to permit the construction of a new interpretation which may have been long imminent. In other words, observation made possible a further play of imagination. So that even in such cases it is actually the relation between the elements rather than the elements themselves in which the quality of beauty inheres. The appreciation of this quality offers at once the greatest and the most neglected field of intellectual enjoyment. The reasons for the neglect are probably manifold.

To begin with, the inquirer is confronted with what looks like a mountain of dry fact with which to acquaint himself as a preliminary. This is enough to discourage anyone who does not realize that many of the most beautiful chapters of science are those which were written in the days when the body of fact was small and easily assimilated by any intelligent modern man. But there are plenty of people to whom the facts, even of modern science, would present no serious obstruction did they only realize that science contains the element of imagination in as high a degree as painting or sculpture; that it is, in its very essence, an art. When this realization finally comes, as come it will, we may expect to see a renaissance which will justify the ever more obtrusive place that science is taking in our intellectual lives. That justification will never come as long as the present view of science continues to distort its meaning. G. H. DUFF.

POUR UNE MUSIQUE CANADIENNE

By LEO-POL MORIN

ON a accoutumé de dire que l'émancipation des pays, comme celle des individus, au cours du 19e siècle, a été plus ou moins le fait de ce noble et généreux mouvement appelé 'romantisme', qui a donné au monde comme une nouvelle manière de penser et de sentir. En effet, d'un commun accord et sans s'être concertés, différents pays ont voulu redevenir nationaux, à la fin du siècle dernier, après avoir pendant longtemps subi le joug étranger en matière d'art. Repliés sur eux-mêmes, ils ont étudié leur passé et cherché à vivre de plus en plus sur leur propre fond. C'est ainsi qu'on vit naître les grandes écoles nationales.

L'Allemagne, la France et l'Italie, ont alors cessé d'être les fournisseurs du monde pour la musique. Car les Russes, les Tchèques, les Suédois, les Norvégiens, les Espagnols, les Hongrois et même les Anglais, se sont avisés, à leur tour, de parler en musique une langue qui leur soit propre. Leur musique ne s'est pas, pour cela, désintéressée de l'expression de l'humain, du général, de l'universel, pour ne rechercher que le pittoresque local et spécialement circonscrit à l'intérieur des frontières. Elle est toujours demeurée

universelle par la langue et aussi par son contenu humain, chaque fois qu'elle a été l'expression d'un génie authentique. Car on sait que les génies connaissent assez mal les frontières . . .

Ces naissances ou renaissances musicales ont toutes, à leur base, un point de départ commun: le folklore. On a partout compris que c'était là que résidait la plus sûre expression nationale. On y a largement puisé. Les grands russes, ceux qu'on appelle les 'Cinq' (Moussorsgky, Borodine, Cui, Balakirew, Rimsky-Korsakoff), ont appris leur métier à l'étranger, mais une fois cette technique conquise, ils l'ont employée à illustrer et à magnifier les chants et danses de leur pays. Et un Stravinsky, aussi bien qu'un Moussorsgky, est essentiellement imprégné de l'accent populaire de son pays. Mais ni l'un ni l'autre n'empruntent directement au folklore. Au contraire, ils créent dans cet esprit des mélodies et des rythmes qui portent leur marque et qui sont reconnaissables comme leur personne.

C'est de même en pays tchèque ou en Hongrie, où un Smetana et un Bartok ont puisé à la source populaire une force indéniable. L'Espagne, avec Pedrell,

Albeniz et Manuel de Falla, illustre aussi la même thèse. La différence physique qu'il y a entre des pays tels que la Norvège et l'Italie, entre des types d'hommes tels que les tchèques et les anglais, existe désormais dans leur musique respective. Cela, d'ailleurs, n'empêche en rien cette musique 'nationale' d'être partout comprise, quand elle est d'un accent fort, quand elle est grande, quand elle est l'œuvre d'un créateur. Elle prend ainsi des caractères universels.

Mais ne sont pas nationales que les musiques inspirées du folklore. Les exemples de Wagner et de Debussy, parmi d'autres, illustrent assez bien l'anti-thèse (Remarquons, en passant, qu'avant le 19e siècle l'art musical n'avait que le souci d'être aristocratique). Car rien n'est plus allemand que la musique de Wagner, plus français que celle de Debussy. Et ici, nul folklore, proprement dit. C'est par la personnalité, par l'esprit, c'est par ce qu'elle exprime de l'individu et en ce que cet individu a de particulier et à la fois de général, que cette musique est allemande ou française. La musique d'un homme de génie a une physionomie aussi reconnaissable que le sont les traits, l'expression d'une figure et, par conséquent, d'une race.

Il semble que la jeune Amérique veuille, elle aussi, depuis quelques années, avoir sa manière propre de penser musicalement. Au commencement du 20e siècle on vit de nombreux musiciens d'Amérique s'intéresser aux folklores indigènes, je veux dire indien et . . . nègre. Certains arrangements d'un Farewell, parmi d'autres, ont dans ce sens une saveur particulière. Mais depuis quelques années, on semble délaisser les 'indienneries' au profit des 'nègreries', qu'on accorde avec adresse aux besoins du jour. Ce pays peut se glorifier de posséder déjà un art populaire reconnaissable entre mille autres. Et cet art populaire et vigoureux participe de la vie actuelle américaine en ce qu'il exprime tout ce qu'elle a de mécanique, d'agité, de temporaire, de superficiel, de creux et la fois de profond. Cela me fait croire que la musique américaine future sera beaucoup plus dans le goût de celle d'un Gershwin, que d'un académique MacDowell. Gershwin, muni d'une technique solide, avec les thèmes onduleux et chauds qu'il invente, avec cette rythmique si spéciale qui vit en lui, saurait beaucoup mieux que ne l'a fait MacDowell, donner à la musique d'Amérique un caractère nettement américain.

Et le Canada? N'est-il pas encore trop tôt pour parler de la naissance d'un art musical canadien? Notre physionomie nationale est-elle, d'ailleurs, nettement établie? Avant d'exiger de nos compositeurs qu'ils se plongent dans les sources vives du folklore, ainsi que leur en fournissent de si brillantes occasions les Festivals annuels de Québec, ne faudrait-il pas qu'ils possédaient ce qu'on appelle communément un métier complet? Or, ce métier complet est encore assez

rare, en notre pays. Le plus souvent, au contraire, on balbutie. C'est pourquoi je crois que la musique canadienne sera soumise, pour longtemps encore, à l'imitation, et j'estime même qu'il lui, faudra imiter le plus possible et sans se décourager. C'est en écrivant que l'on apprend à écrire, ainsi que l'on dit communément.

Quoi qu'il en soit, nous pouvons être assurés que dès que naîtra à l'intérieur de nos frontières un génie vigoureux, il saura où puiser ses raisons d'être personnel, de ne ressembler à personne d'autre qu'à lui. Dès lors, rien ne nous dit que sa meilleure et unique source d'inspiration sera le folklore d'origine française, écossaise ou autre. Je ne serais, au contraire, nullement surpris que ce fut tout aussi bien l'indien ou l'eskimo. Ces folklore indien ou eskimos, très riches mélodiquement et rythmiquement, sont aussi de notre sol et ils ont sur les autres, d'importation relativement récente, des titres pour le moins d'ancienneté. Ils sont d'une substance variée, pittoresque, 'particulière', et ils pourraient être, à coup sûr, une excellente source d'inspiration. Un musicien de génie saurait trouver là de quoi s'alimenter, mais il faudrait qu'à l'exemple d'un Bartok ou d'un Falla, il sût en pénétrer l'esprit et en exprimer le sens avec force et avec grandeur. Un tel musicien saura inventer à son tour des chants et des rythmes où palpitera le même sang, mais qui s'exprimeront aussi bien par les moyens les plus nouveaux.

Mais il ne faut imposer à personne des théories qui soient une limite, ou contre nature. En un mot, laissons l'inspiration libre et n'oublions pas, qu'en art, le sujet n'a pas d'importance, que seule importe la manière de faire. N'oublions pas que la musique exprime toujours l'homme et la nature à travers des individus, des sensibilités et des intelligences. Qu'une œuvre puisse exprimer la nature, la sensibilité et l'intelligence canadiennes, cela suffirait pour qu'on la reconnaisse comme canadienne, dût-elle n'avoir emprunté aucun élément précis au folklore.

Il ne faut demander à personne de ne vivre que de folklore, non plus de l'ignorer. Souhaitons seulement qu'on nous donne des œuvres reconnaissables comme canadiennes, où tout, métier et inspiration, soit de premier ordre. Souhaitons que ces œuvres soient vivantes et susceptibles d'être entendues et comprises même sous le ciel d'Italie. Alors, seulement, il pourra être question d'esthétique musicale canadienne.

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CHINESE ACCENT

By JEAN BURTON

MRS. CHANG had a staccato, fragile, tingling voice. Mrs. Chang spoke with an Accent. People said they could not place Mrs. Chang's Accent, because people do not ordinarily speak of a Chinese Accent. Mrs. Chang used her staccato tinkling voice to remark that Vancouver had really not been difficult since she had learned to distinguish between those of the moderns who claimed that Orientals were exactly like themselves, and those who claimed that Orientals were vastly superior to the average Westerner. Mr. Hubert Oswald Carrington had a startlingly bass voice and he used it to reply that for his part he could see no difference between the two. Mrs. Chang, because it was expected of her, said, 'Oh, Oswald, how Western of you.' Oswald admired her inordinately. He offered her a cigarette. Mrs. Chang said, 'Not here, Oswald. The spectacle of your lighting my cigarette would give too many people a feeling of vicarious daring to which they have no right.' Oswald said, 'Be generous.' Mrs. Chang put the cigarette in her holder. 'Oswald', said Mrs. Chang thoughtfully, 'how many people in this room will say before I finish my cigarette that society is progressing?' Oswald counted the dancers. There were nine couples. 'Eighteen will say so,' he replied promptly.

His eye rested upon his paternal parent whirling Miss Moh-lin Chang about the room. His parent beamed encouragingly in his direction. 'Ah,' said Mr. Hubert Oswald Carrington senior, pausing before his son and Mrs. Chang, but still determinedly swaying Miss Moh-lin and himself in time with the music, 'yes, yes. Be good to Mrs. Chang, Oswald.' He sought for a phrase. It came. 'How society,' he said, 'moves forward!' Upon the last word as a thing released he dashed down the room, his patent leather pumps executing patterns of remarkable intricacy in unison with Miss Moh-lin's silver slippers. 'Society may move,' remarked Oswald pensively, 'but having been brought up in a family of advanced views I became permanently soured on the millenium at an early age.'

Mrs. Chang was soothing. 'My dear boy,' said Mrs. Chang, 'you know nothing whatever of the terrors of advanced circles in Vancouver. But I do. When I came from France to join my husband here, I found that he had let himself be polite to—Mrs. Chang lowered her voice—'very queer people; it took me a long time to be rude enough to drive them away. My darling husband is quite incapable of rudeness and entirely at their mercy. Dr. Chang passed them, fox-trotting energetically with Oswald's sister, who

had gone in for demureness in her second season and affected sprigged taffetas. She looked up into Dr. Chang's face with terrific earnestness. She spoke with serious purport. They also paused before the divan on which Mrs. Chang and Oswald sat. 'My dear,' said Dr. Chang loudly to his wife above the music, balancing his partner as he spoke, 'Cynthia was just saying how happy we should be that we live in times like these. How society, she says, evolves!' They slid rapidly down the centre of the floor. 'The poor boy,' continued Mrs. Chang, 'had fallen into the clutches of people who were cultivating Oriental mysticism with as much ardour as Orientals now display in ridding themselves of it. They all called; and they all asked me to go to lectures with them. Oh, my dear boy, such lectures! The Masters of Thibet. When we wanted to be tactful and set English visitors at ease in my home in China, did we, I wonder, ask them to accompany us to the equivalent of lectures on the Witches of Salem?'

Mrs. Chang crushed her cigarette against the tray. Oswald offered her another. Mrs. Carrington bobbed solemnly past them in the clasp of a small man with a sandy goatee. 'Ah,' said Mrs. Carrington to her son, as they neared the divan, 'give Mrs. Chang a cigarette, Oswald. That's right.' She looked down at her partner with touching pride. 'How society,' said Mrs. Carrington with an ecstacy almost tearful, 'moves on!' She inclined her stately white head to hear her partner's reply. Overcome by the immensity of its implications, she steered him toward the divan. Together they sank into it. Mr. Van Vleek gazed admiringly at Mrs. Chang. 'You find our Vancouver intelligentia trying,' said Mr. Van Vleek to Mrs. Chang, 'yet they are striving upwards. They are striving on. They strive up and on. Society,' said Mr. Van Vleek, coming to it at last with unutterable relief 'does move,' Mrs. Carrington patted his hand absently. 'Yes, yes,' murmured Mrs. Carrington. 'Trying, but striving. Very true. How pretty Moh-lin is, Mrs. Chang. She didn't get that dress in Vancouver.' 'It's rather becoming,' said Mrs. Chang with maternal disparagement. 'My daughter-in-law in Paris sent it. Both my sons,' she continued—one was in the consular service in France and one was a lawyer in San Francisco—are hopelessly stupid and conventional, and so are their wives. But they do know how to dress.' She summed up her daughter with tinkling dispassionateness. 'Moh-lin,' said Mrs. Chang, 'has more intelligence than both my sons put together. But I don't know what to do with her since she graduated. She's restless. She's cultivated a taste for

Ornstein and even the baby is developing nerves. Would you believe,' broke off Mrs. Chang dreamily, 'that at no less than four homes where we were invited when we first came, they played Ornstein's inspired misconception of Chinatown for our special benefit? They had gone to much trouble, I understood, to secure the records.' She sighed. 'I think I'll have to send Moh-lin to visit her sister-in-law this summer,' she said. 'I'd like her to go home, of course, but China is so unsettled; and then the child has such a disturbing effect on my poor mother. My mother was considered modern thirty years ago, and the youth of today is so very disrespectful toward what was modern thirty years ago.'

Mr. Hubert Oswald Carrington suddenly awoke to the tenor of the conversation. 'My adored one,' said Mr. Carrington to Mrs. Chang in bass tones of tragedy, 'did you say you would send Moh-lin away? To France? Frenchmen are not to be trusted. Oh, adored lady, let Moh-lin stay in Vancouver. What would I do without her? It is true,' said Mr. Carrington candidly, 'that to date she has spurned my advances. It is true that she has cultivated a diabolic taste for the Chinese music of Mr. Ornstein. But while she is yet in Vancouver I can at least call to see her and though she may retreat at the first glimpse of me I can always remain to talk with you.'

Mrs. Chang was consoling. 'Moh-lin is very fond of you, Oswald,' said Mrs. Chang, 'but she foresees a long series of teas with people remarking resignedly that after all the Aryans are a blend of races as it is.' 'She must steel herself to the prospect,' said Oswald philosophically. 'But it is not all,' said Mrs. Chang confidentially. 'She feels that she, and you,

would be observed with an eye not less clinical because solicitous.' Mr. Hubert Oswald Carrington arose. 'Basking in our reflected radiance,' said Mr. Carrington bitterly, 'they may well afford to be solicitous. When it is known that a son of one of Vancouver's leading moderns has married Moh-lin Chang, they will say, "How advanced! How free from the trammels of tradition!" and will visibly expand with pride, for, note, they will say these things not of me, Hubert Oswald Carrington, but of themselves. Thus I will, all unacknowledged,' said Mr. Carrington, raising his voice and gesturing freely, 'shed upon them that lustre which will be reflected in innumerable letters, innumerable lectures, and who knows, perhaps innumerable works of research.' Mrs. Chang sighed again. 'It's what Moh-lin fears,' she admitted. 'Like you, she feels that a part at least of the glory should be hers. But with your father working himself into such a delirium of sociological excitement, what would be left for my poor child?'

Mrs. Carrington straightened up, dislodging Mr. Van Vleek from his support. 'A Chinese daughter-in-law!' said Mrs. Carrington excitedly. Mr. Van Vleek clutched his goatee. He was oracular. 'In Vancouver,' said Mr. Van Vleek, 'inter-racial marriages may as yet be something of an experiment. But there is no doubt that once adventurous souls have shown the way they will be taken entirely for granted.' 'Gracious,' said Mrs. Carrington, 'I hope not. Dear me, no.' She was troubled. She appealed to her son. 'Oswald,' she said, 'I do hope there's no danger of its becoming really accepted.' 'Society moves,' said Oswald sadly. 'Dear, dear,' said Mrs. Carrington, distressed.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE PRAIRIE

By R. GRAHAM

I has been my good fortune lately to come across a book of travel and adventure entitled *Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains*, an account of a journey from Fort Garry to the Rockies in 1859-60. In this book I met an earl—Lord Southesk by name, and I kept him company over prairie and mountain trails for many days. As travelling companions and guides he had a mixed company of men, mostly from the Red River country—Scots and French with Indian blood in their veins—A husky, cheery lot, from big John MacKay the leader who could tame wild horses, build a wagon or a boat, tell tales of magic, and cook delicious Saskatoon Jelly, to Lagrace, that original and amusing old man in purple cotton shirt and very long and wrinkled trousers, a French half-breed hunter who did everything so differently from other men.

Then there were the horses: Bichon the buffalo-runner, once owned by a Blackfoot chief, and described as a pony of original mind with an odd relish for flowers. Jasper the handsome black stallion captured from a herd of wild horses in the gledes of a pine forest. Moutonne a little mare of twenty summers, fresh as a filly and bearing traces of the terrible scar caused by wolves when she was young. The dogs, too, were worth noticing, especially old Whiskey, the fat Indian camp-follower whose every movement was a farce.

Those were the days, not so far distant either, when the west was wild and wooly, and moose and buffalo, grizzly bear and timber wolf roamed the plains, whilst Indian war-parties might be encountered at any turn of the trail.



BACK GARDEN
BY CARL F. SCHAEFER

The earl was a good sport and seems to have come out as the guest of the Hudson's Bay Company, seeking health and adventure.

He was a keen observer and his book is full of information regarding that territory lying between Winnipeg and the Rockies.

What attracted me to the earl, however, was the fact that when I first met him he was reading Shakespeare. Happening to open the book first at random, I read this:—

July 31. While we were dining on the shore of a large and beautiful piece of water called Jack-fish Lake, one of the Thick-wood Crees came paddling over in a canoe from the opposite side: my men and he held a long talk together, and I meanwhile read *Hamlet*.

Now I do not suppose that this was Shakespeare's first appearance in the west—his works must have been in many a trader's hut and trapper's pack in still earlier days—but it was a pleasant surprise to come across *Hamlet* up there in northern Saskatchewan on a scorching summer day in the year 1859.

On many another occasion and in all sorts of queer places, as well as in every degree of temperature, I found this titled adventurer in the company of the Bard of Avon.

By August, the party were nearing Edmonton, described as a 'Fort', but even then beautiful:—

August 10. Had the little prairie fowls for breakfast, the size of blackbirds and perfectly delicious.....Camped for the night on a knoll a few hours from Edmonton, from which there was a beautiful view over a wide circle of wooded plain, perfectly level except where the steep north bank of the river was discernable. My tent was just pitched when a heavy thunderstorm began, and lasted about an hour. After this it cleared, and there was a lovely effect caused by the setting sun; on one side all was orange and gold, beneath a black cloud which melted into a misty gray as it met the bright tints of the sunlight, and on the opposite side moved the dark departing thunder-cloud with a perfect rainbow enamelled on its face.....Sat up late reading *Much Ado about Nothing*.The wolves howled, the night was very cold.

What a dainty breakfast in the wilds! What an ideal setting for a traveller's camp! And then, supper with Shakespeare, and the howl of the wolves for the orchestral accompaniment!

A month later I found him down by the Rockies and 'storm-staid for an indefinite period, with winter staring in the face':—

September 17. Breakfasting early, we made our way down a wild and rugged glen, along which we toiled till evening without rest or food.....Saw traces of bears all along.....The wind was excessively cold.

But the evening meal made up for it all; here is the story of it:—

I felt half dead with hunger.....having eaten nothing all day. At supper I astonished myself, consuming at least three pounds of fried sheep; Toma could not cook the slices quick enough.....Finished that noble play *The Merchant of Venice*.

two weeks later, in the direction of what is now the city of Calgary, the earl makes the discovery that there

is but a week's supply of food in the camp. And the meat is as mouldy as it is scarce. But this son of wealth and ease has learned wisdom in the west as the following entries will show:—

September 22. We are now reduced to very simple fare.....Dried sheep-meat (getting mouldy), pemmican and tea are all we have. Thank God! we have enough, and after the stomach is filled it matters little what has filled it, if only the food be wholesome.

A little later in the day he makes this amusing entry:—

Great gloom overspread the camp. I did my best to seem cheerful. I divided all the pemmican into portions—there was only enough for two days and a half.....For my own part, I ate some of the leg of the larger white goat brought in on Saturday. The old ewe must have reared a dozen kids at least—tougher and drier fare I never fed on.....Read *Romeo and Juliet*.

What an appetite and what a philosophy the earl had acquired. And if the leg of that ancient mountain goat seemed a trifle tough and dry, surely the delicious poetic dessert more than made up for the lack of the roast beef of old England, or even the tempting 'haggis' of his native Scotia. And is there not a verse somewhere in Holy Writ which says: 'Man shall not live by bread alone'?

Let me show you this adventuring earl as I last saw him and said goodbye to the engaging party over the eastern border of Lake Winnipegosie in Manitoba, at the end of the year:—

December 30. It got excessively cold towards evening, in proof of which I recollect one singular circumstance: I was reading at my tent door, seated on a camp stool as close as possible to an enormous fire of logs, a good yard high at least.

While so close to the blazing furnace that my cloth leggings were scorching, as usual, into holes, the wind struck so cold on the side of my face that tears kept dripping from my eyes and nose upon the book before me, and each drop froze instantaneously where it fell. I fancy that the work of these small icicles may still be traced in certain marks and indentations on the pages of *Othello*, the play I was reading that night.

Hamlet, at Jack-fish Lake on a scorching July day; *Othello*, on the shore of Lake Winnipegosie on December the 30th, at forty below!

Whatever else they may say about our Canadian climate they must surely admit that it is, at least, suited to the study of great literature.

NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS

MISS JEAN BURTON is at the University of Saskatchewan.

JOHN CAMERON MARTIN lives in Weyburn, Sask.

LEO-POL MORIN is a well-known pianist and composer of Montreal.

REV. R. GRAHAM, B.A., is a minister of the United Church of Canada. He has charge, at present, of St. Paul's Church, Assiniboia, Sask.

THE FABIAN ORACLE

By J. F. WHITE

SHAW is something more than one of the great literary figures of our time. For years he has been one of the leaders of the Fabian movement, an active worker in municipal politics, and a counsellor of Cabinet Ministers. Whatever else he may be in addition, he is by temperament and by definite choice a prophet and a propagandist, his plays are all plays with a purpose, and although some of his writings may be appraised purely as works of art, in the present book Shaw the artist, Shaw the critic, and Shaw the philosopher are all subordinated to Shaw the practical politician. There is nothing here intended in the way of adverse criticism. If it should be objected that 'practical politician' is in common acceptance a term of reproach, as being equivalent to an accusation of low cunning, opportunist tactics, and selfish materialism, it may be said in reply that it is precisely because practical politics are held in such low esteem that Shaw had occasion to write this book. All art, education, social life, and culture in its widest sense, are moulded and conditioned by practical politics, and any political system in which the practical politicians are not artists, critics, and philosophers, in which the finest minds are not utilized in the service of the public, is not a desirable system of government. That politicians should be, in the main, people of very ordinary intelligence with rather low ethical standards is—from the point of view of the socialist—an essential feature of the Capitalist system, as it is obvious that if men with the best available minds were in control of the state they could not rest until Capitalism, the 'disease due to shortsightedness and bad morals', was done away with, and replaced by socialism—or communism, which, as Shaw says, 'is the same thing but better English.' In polite society today, the communist is generally regarded as an outcast, a person of dubious morals and subversive theories. A hundred and fifty years ago a republican had exactly the same reputation, and nineteen hundred years ago a Christian was regarded in the same light. Other times, other terms of abuse! In our day Mr. Calvin Coolidge is both a Christian and the head of a Republican party, and yet he is at the same time regarded as the superlatively respectable person in an entire hemisphere. The principles of communism are perhaps more humane and idealistic than any other existing form of political theory and there is much more danger that the world will corrupt communism than that communism will injure the world. When we observe how far organized bodies of Christians may diverge from the original ethics of Christianity, and how, on occasion, liberty, fraternity, and equality

may languish in a republic founded upon Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, we may be sure that in a generation or two when half the world is organized on a communist basis and communism has become the accepted and respectable *status quo*, much of its idealism will have evaporated, and the prophets of a new form of the old idealism will be crying out against the sordid conservatism of the existing order, as Shaw is doing today.

When Shaw speaks of himself as a socialist or a communist it must not be taken as implied that he accepts the definitions or categories of the Marxians, or indeed any organized body of socialist principle or dogma. He is undoubtedly the most individualistic of socialists, as he is intellectually an aristocrat while advocating the most sweeping democracy on the material plane. But while he is not an orthodox socialist he is equally vigorous in his denunciations of capitalism:—

Spare money is called Capital; its owner is called a capitalist; and our system of leaving all the spare money in the country in private hands is called Capitalism. Until you understand Capitalism you do not understand human society as it exists at present. You do not know the world as the saying is. You are living in a fool's paradise, and as I now proceed to explain Capitalism, you will read the rest of this book at the risk of being made unhappy and rebellious, and even of rushing into the streets with a red flag and making a greater fool of yourself than Capitalism has ever made of you. On the other hand, if you do not understand Capitalism you may easily be cheated out of all your money, if you have any, or if you have none, duped into sacrificing yourself in all sorts of ways for the profit of mercenary adventurers and philanthropic humbugs, under the impression that you are exercising the noblest virtues.

Uncontrolled motion is terrible. Fancy yourself in a car which you do not know how to steer, and cannot stop, with an inexhaustible supply of petrol in the tank, rushing along at sixty miles an hour on an island strewn with rocks and bounded by cliff precipices. That is what living under Capitalism feels like when you come to understand it. Capital is running away with us, and we know that it has always ended in the past by taking its passengers over the brink of the precipice at the foot of which are strewn the ruins of empires.

However, in all his criticism of the institution he is attacking the system of capitalism rather than the capitalist. His own income has reached that point where he pays not only income tax, but super-tax, and he writes without any personal animus of the order to which he belongs. His object is to abolish the poor and to reform the rich—in their own interests—by equalizing all incomes. This is, in short, his definition of socialism, that every person, male or female, octogenarian and new-born infant, from King to crossing-sweeper, should receive exactly the same income. Short of absolute equality there is no logical or ethical

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM, by Bernard Shaw (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxxvi, 495; \$4.00).

basis for the division of wealth. Shaw examines the alternative systems of distribution (we must remember that the book is addressed to the intelligent woman); to each what she produces, to each what she deserves, to each what she can grab, oligarchical distribution, distribution by class, and *laissez-faire*, and gives his reasons for rejecting all of these solutions. For example, when we read of a celebrated pugilist jabbing and upper-cutting a contemporary for some twenty or thirty minutes, and receiving as much money for doing so as the Archbishop of Canterbury is paid for a year's work, we recognize the absurdity of such a division of wealth. But if we attempt a more reasonable adjustment we find that there is no standard by which we can assess the relative financial values of archbishops and prize-fighters. There is, in fact, no method of computing the financial value to society of any individual. Socialism is the extension to the economic plane of the principle of democracy, or, as Shaw expresses it in another way, the growth of communism is the growth of civilization.

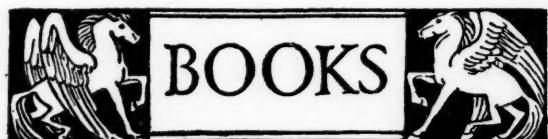
If the Fabian plan is put into effect in England by the next labour government the capitalist system will be superseded by socialism gradually and almost painlessly. There will be no violent revolution, but single industries and groups of industries will be successively nationalized, and in all cases the owners will receive full compensation from the government. The state will raise the necessary funds by taxation of wealth, and the expropriation will be carried out by accepted, British, constitutional methods; but in reality the capitalists will have the pleasure of paying for their own funeral.

This belief of the Fabians that the capitalistic British lion will meekly lie down and offer no serious resistance is rather a large assumption, even though he is to be skinned politely in a piecemeal fashion and not roughly in one major operation. There are very few instances in history of a ruling class allowing itself to be abolished by constitutional measures. The industrialists and the financial class in Great Britain are not generally of the passive-resister type, and when the Fabians find themselves in a position to put their theories into practice they may possibly find themselves faced with something stronger than mere dialectical opposition.

To understand recent developments in socialist theory, it is necessary to know something of the struggle which is taking place between the two main socialist sects, the Communists of the Third International, and the Social Democrats of the Second, who are allied to the Fabians. It was Lenin's theory that the advance towards socialism could only take place after the seizure of power by the proletariat, whereas the Social Democrats believe that a state may

be gradually socialized through co-operation with the capitalists. The feeling which exists between these two branches of the party is extremely bitter; the Bolsheviks in Russia put the Social Democrats in prison; the Independent Labour Party in England expels Communists from its ranks; Shaw says that Russia 'has not yet established as much actual communism as we have in England,' and what the Communists will say when they read this book will probably be unfit for publication in this journal.

The Die-Hard Tory, and the dogmatic Communist will read *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism* with hearty distaste, but to the intelligent woman and the average (unclassified) man it may be recommended without reserve. In its five hundred pages will be found more stimulating, inspiring, and irritating material than in most five-foot shelves of books. Although Capitalism and Socialism are the main subjects, it deals with a hundred and one other matters from the Nicene Creed to Night Clubs, and from the proper education of children to poison gas and Big Bill Thompson. Through it all is Shaw's humour, insight, and sympathy, and we are reminded on every page that his pen has lost none of its imitable magic.



MODERNISM AND HIGHER EDUCATION IN ONTARIO

THE HISTORY OF VICTORIA COLLEGE, by Dr. N. Burwash (Victoria College Press; \$5.00).

THIS book will assuredly in years to come be reckoned as not the least of the late Dr. Burwash's many contributions to higher education in Ontario. It is such a work as could have been written only by himself. Upper Canada Academy, the first result of the efforts of Canadian Methodists to provide a better education for their children than could be got in the public and grammar schools of the day, received its charter in 1836 and grew into Victoria University in 1841. The young Burwash entered its halls as a student in the early 1850's, and, after spending a few years on graduation in the ministry, he returned as a member of the staff in 1867, rising quickly to be the right-hand man of President Nelles and eventually becoming his successor. Thus he had lived through nearly the whole period of which he relates the history and he knew all the men personally whose character and achievements he discusses.

One hardly knows whether to praise the book more

for the vividness which is given to it by his personal interest in the story or for the dispassionate manner in which he treats of controversies that aroused fierce passions in their time. The pride with which the early struggles of Methodism for civil and religious equality are recorded; the constant attention which is paid to the religious side of the College's life; the affectionate picture which he gives of his chief, Nelles; the story of the hard times of the late sixties and early seventies when the expenditure on laboratory apparatus was limited to \$25.00 a year (he was himself the science teacher!); the glowing pages which recall the names of Victoria's outstanding graduates; all these are features in the book that could not have been reproduced by the most industrious researcher into documents. On the other hand, the account of the great federation struggle of the 1880's in which the author himself played the leading role is marked by a tone of detachment which must, one imagines, be almost unique in Canadian autobiography. Equally unique is the spirit of Christian charity which he displays towards his opponents, a spirit that has been singularly lacking in the ecclesiastical and educational disputes in which the Christians of Upper Canada have been continuously engaged since the days of the Constitutional Act.

The book covers much more ground than its title might indicate. Most college histories read to the outsider like the speech of a Rotarian president reviewing the past year's activities of his club. They are full of enthusiasm about strange doings that can be of interest only to the initiated. But Dr. Burwash's book is really a history of higher education in Ontario from the Victoria point of view. It is certainly the ablest and most attractive presentation that we have of the view of those who believed that education in a young immature community could not be safely divorced from religion. Anyone who does not share this view is apt on much reading of our provincial history to long for a Lytton Strachey to do full justice to our Ontario heroes of denominationalism. But Dr. Burwash does make one realize that whatever may have been the selfish interests and personal ambitions involved, there were also great issues of principle at stake over which men could sincerely differ.

At first it was the question whether one favoured religious body was to monopolize the University privileges of the young and struggling frontier province. The challenge of Strachan's King's College charter was quickly met by the other denominations with colleges of their own; and in the early 1840's a province of less than half a million population was trying to support four competing universities. Thus were laid the foundations of that connection between denominationalism and higher education which many

people later came to regard as the curse of the province. At any rate it is a mournful reflection that Baldwin's bill of 1843 would have given the province something very like the federal solution which was ultimately reached after two generations of bitter conflict, concentrating the provincial resources upon one university and at the same time satisfying the denominations by giving their colleges a place within that university. But the bill was dropped in the pressure of the Metcalfe crisis and when next the Reformers tackled the University question it was in a more uncompromising spirit. The result was the purely secular University of Toronto, that godless institution which was to awaken the laments of the religious for the next generation or more.

The next stage consisted in the efforts of Ryerson and his friends to compel a division of the University endowment for the benefit of the denominational colleges. Here Dr. Burwash brings out well the sense of injustice which the supporters of Victoria and Queen's felt, but surely his loyalty to the Methodist leader makes his account one-sided. Egerton Ryerson was a practical politician in the worst sense of the word; and, whatever real grievance he may have had, his campaign was too mixed up with the intrigues in the University Senate, with dubious negotiations with the Catholics concerning Separate Schools, and with attempts to deliver the Methodist vote to John A. Macdonald in return for government support, to justify the picture of the spotless crusader which we have here. No contrast could be more striking, though the author does not say so, than that between the spirit and methods of Ryerson in the 1860's and the spirit and methods of Burwash in the 1880's.

It is to the account of the Federation movement of the 1880's that most readers will turn with greatest interest because here the book deals with events that are still remembered by many now living. The great virtue of Dr. Burwash's chapters is the clearness with which he brings out the fundamental problem that had to be faced. The era of the little residential college was passing away in North America. If Ontario was to keep abreast of the American states in meeting the changed conditions due to the growth of modern science she must consolidate her resources in higher education into one centralized University. The little colleges had not the financial strength to meet the new demands separately. In union alone was the solution. So at least thought Dr. Burwash, and with due modesty he tells the story of how union was consummated. He gives generous credit to the fears of many loyal alumni that in federation Victoria would gradually sink to be a mere theological appendage to University College and that the distinctive Methodist contribution to higher education in this province would be sacrificed. One can see now, though he never says so, that

it was his own vigorous leadership during the first decades of the federation period that made these fears groundless.

This book will be for a long time the standard work on higher education in Ontario from the Methodist point of view. Mr. Wallace's centenary history of the University of Toronto gives us the same story from the point of view of the secular institution. We need a similarly detailed and authoritative work on the Anglican side of the story.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

THE GREAT SHADOW

PEACE OR WAR?, by Lt. Commander J. M. Kenworthy, with an Introduction by H. G. Wells (Boni & Liveright—McLean & Smithers; pp. xvii, 338; \$3.00).

IT is a commonplace often rubbed into thoughtless youth by their elders that the most important thing in the world for them is what they are going to make of their life; but obviously it is still more important whether they are going to have any life to make anything of. The supremely important question to the rising generation is whether they are going to have peace or war in their time. In another world war (if one comes) men, women, and children will be destroyed indiscriminately and in mass; and the new distribution of forces in our changing world makes it quite as probable that America would be the vortex as Europe or Asia. We hope that Commander Kenworthy's most able analysis of the war peril will be as widely read as it deserves, and could wish to see it recommended for use in our centres of higher education. For, when all is said and done, the real hope of averting war lies in the education of public opinion.

The Commander has presented very clearly and compactly all the forces that are making for war in the world. He understands to the full the historic depth of the Franco-German feud; he has realized the possibility of Germany being driven into an alliance with Russia and Japan, and adds China to the combination; he realizes that in a very real sense from the military standpoint, England is to-day part of the continent of Europe, and a Europe bristling with national jealousies and hates. He appreciates the dire possibilities of trade and naval rivalry between America and Britain, the potentialities of the clashing interests in China, India, and the Near East, and the possibility of a future war between the capitalistic and communistic nations that would rival the Crusades in its intensity. He has expert knowledge of all the latest diabolic weapons with which science is equipping the hostile nations, and can describe with a shocking clarity just what another war would mean

to the civilian population. His description of the effect of aerial bombardment with gas bombs on our congested modern cities leaves nothing to be desired. And he can quote the highest authorities to prove that against such attacks there is no defence, except reprisals; and that against the latest combination of irritant and deadly gases no gas-mask can avail.

Our only criticism of all this side of the book is that the Commander marshalls his war perils a little too closely, as if the possibility of a war between Russia (allied with the Asian nations) and the western powers were as close to us as the possibility of a war between the western nations themselves. For the Commander knows that only highly industrialized nations can wage war effectively under modern conditions, and it will be a generation before Russia, and two generations at least before China, could undertake a war against the great industrial powers. And we think that he underrates the present exhaustion and war-aversion of the European peoples. But he is quite justified in fearing that hostilities in almost any part of the world might involve the nations with real fighting capacity, and we imagine that Lloyd's to-day would charge a prohibitive premium for a twenty-year policy against the outbreak of a world war.

It is only when the Commander produces his own plan for preventing war that we find ourselves in serious disagreement with him—and for quite different reasons to those which influence Mr. Wells. After considering and rejecting other peace plans, the Commander points out that America, Britain, Holland, and Switzerland between them control the finance of the world; that these same countries, together with France and Belgium, control the bulk of the oil, cotton, wool, rubber, jute, tin, copper, zinc, and edible fats; and that without these necessary sinews no war could be carried on. Commander Kenworthy's plan appears to be that these countries should form themselves into some sort of an alliance to outlaw war, and he believes that Germany and Japan would give their adherence to that alliance. Germany certainly would, for she belongs to the West; but would Japan? In the early part of his book, and in connection with the efforts to bring the 'Locarno' powers into a common policy of defence against Russia, the Commander writes: 'If this policy succeeded and if, later, America were drawn into this new Holy Alliance the result would be the division of the world into two opposing groups'. It seems to us there is so little difference between the two suggested alliances that the result of either would be the same.

It is regrettable that Commander Kenworthy, in common with many other brilliant and rather impatient minds, has taken so strong a dislike to the League of Nations for its shortcomings that he cannot see it



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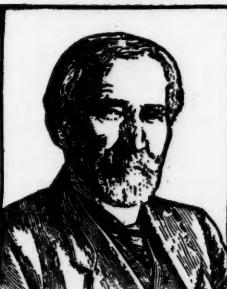
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EDITED BY E. F. BOZMAN

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as the only safe means for bringing any peace plan into effect. Let the great powers declare war illegal by all means. The sooner the better: it should have been done at Versailles. And we are whole-heartedly with our author in his belief that to outlaw war as a means of settling any international dispute whatever is the first essential to world peace. But, to have any chance of ultimate success, any alliance to prevent war must be a world alliance. If the League powers co-operate sincerely with America to outlaw war, America will eventually enter the League, where she, as one of the greatest powers, belongs; Japan is already in, the new China will sooner or later take the chair held by the Peking representative, and, finally, Russia might co-operate with the League, although she would certainly resist with the utmost bitterness any hostile alliance of capitalistic powers. The League still offers the only chance for peace. To say that it is in danger of degenerating into a Holy Alliance is beside the point. Any smaller alliance would be fraught with the most unholy possibilities from the start.

R. DE B.

A FATHER TO HIS PEOPLE

IBN SA'oud OF ARABIA, by Ameen Rihani (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 370; \$6.25).

BOOKS by westerners on the Near and Middle East are becoming fairly common, but a book written in English by a man of Arab or kindred race is as yet a rarity. Mr. Rihani on one occasion in this volume refers to himself as a son of Mount Lebanon and Manhattan, an unusual mixture, curiously reflected in his style of writing. He writes fluently, even floridly, with plenty of colour and rhetoric, but every now and again we are pulled up short by an unmistakable Americanism. The contrast marks not merely the manner but also the matter of his volume. Mr. Rihani is clearly more at home in a motor car than on a camel; he falls ill of malaria like any westerner; and he is not a believer—the muezzin calls him in vain. Yet he has, of course, great advantages over a western observer; he is of Arab race, the language has no difficulties for him, and he is accepted by Ibn Sa'oud as a friend, invited to his capital Ar-Riyadh and treated with great kindness throughout.

Mr. Rihani had a mission in visiting Najd; he is a devotee of the god Pan. Not the bearded prankish Greek divinity, but the modern God of Pan-Slavism, Pan-Germanism and the like. Mr. Rihani is a Pan-Arab, and his visit to Ibn Sa'oud, ruler over three million Arabs of Najd, was undertaken partly to urge a Pan-Arabic policy and programme. He put down on paper a brief programme for the union of all the

Arab peoples, but Ibn Sa'oud, not unfriendly to the idea, was firm on one crucial point—he would not agree to accept any other ruler over himself. 'We know ourselves, and we cannot accept the leadership of others', was his reply to Mr. Rihani's overtures. One feels that Pan-Arabism is no more likely to succeed than any of its rivals.

It is a natural sequence of Mr. Rihani's programme that he is not exactly pro-British. He is not bitter against them, he appreciates their position in Iraq and elsewhere, but he is, of course, worlds apart from a woman like Gertrude Bell in his affiliations. That is as we should expect on the whole. More interesting, however, than the story of Mr. Rihani's political and quasi-political activities is the account of Ibn Sa'oud, his capital, people, and country. There is a brief but clear account of Wahabism which swept over Najd just about the time when Methodism began to spread over England, although in many ways the movement was more akin to the English Puritan movement of a century earlier. For the most part, however, Mr. Rihani is content to describe people and events as they revealed themselves in his journey from Ojair, on the Persian Gulf, westward to Ar-Riyadh; then, after a six weeks sojourn there, the leisurely return in a wide sweep, west, north, and east to Koweit, higher up on the same Gulf. And whilst the account of his travels has neither the depth of that of Doughty, nor the thrill of Lawrence's book, nor the racy vividness of Gertrude Bell's letters, it is, nevertheless, of great interest, and it is well illustrated by excellent photographs. On these least accessible of all the Arabs the author quotes the best of all authorities—Ibn Sa'oud himself:

The Arabs of the North are heavy of foot and stolid, the people of Najd are quick, light, wiry. They snap and break not, like our camels. The *zelul* of the north is strong, but slow: that of the south is fast, although he has not so much enduring power. But the people of Najd are like the Bedu in hardship and adversity. We train ourselves in endurance. We put up with much that is hard and onerous. It is our land, our habit of life, our destiny—all one. We have to be always ready and fit. I train my own children to walk barefoot, to ride horses bareback. Sometimes we have not a moment to saddle a horse—leap to his back and go. This is the Najdi—the Najd spirit—the Najd condition of life. Especially the Najdis of the south—we are like Bedu in this.

Like people, like king, with some differences, however. Overtopping his subjects in height (like Saul of old) Ibn Sa'oud overtakes them also in mind and vision. Along with the simplicity and directness, which shines out so clearly from Mr. Rihani's account of Ibn Sa'oud, there goes, or seems to go, a very clear and strong understanding of his role as King of Najd. He is the ruler of a poor and primitive people, leader of a fanatical reforming movement, Wahabism, yet alive to the need of maintaining peace with his neighbours, and consolidating his recently defined realm.

A gentle man, a family man (very much so) yet firm withal, and a father to his people. 'Write down

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"A lovely list to loot," he murmured, as he left with a promise to return for more.

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in thy book', said a wise subject to the author, 'Every king in the world is supported by his people; but the people of Najd are supported by their king'. Somewhat amusingly, it is the British tax-payer who enables Ibn Sa'oud to play the lavish benefactor (by a yearly subsidy of £60,000). Of the soundness or unsoundness of initiating such a policy we cannot judge, but it can scarcely be a permanent solution for the problems of Najd.

R.F.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

AN INTRODUCTION TO BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR LITERARY STUDENTS, by R. B. McKerrow (Oxford University Press; pp. xv; 360; \$5.50).

THE 'Notes' from which this excellent book has developed were published thirteen years ago by the Bibliographical Society. Expansion has not changed Mr. McKerrow's primary object, and while the *Introduction* is a general text book on bibliography, it still centres in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and is intended 'for literary students and editors.' Remembering particularly, perhaps, general recognition of comparatively recent work by Pollard, Greg, and others on the text of Shakespeare, Mr. McKerrow feels that no longer does he need to insist on the importance of bibliographical knowledge in any detailed study of English literature, especially English literature previous to the nineteenth century. But since it is the justification of the book it may be worth while to repeat his statement that:—

it is often possible to derive very valuable information as to the literary history of a printed work from the material form or forms in which it has come down to us. . . . 'bibliographical' evidence will often help us to settle such questions as that of the order and relative value of different editions of a book; whether certain sections of a book were originally intended to form part of it or were added afterwards; whether a later edition was printed from an earlier one, and from which; whether it was printed from a copy that had been corrected in manuscript, or whether such corrections as it contains were made in the proof, and a number of other problems of a similar kind, which may often have a highly important literary being. It will indeed sometimes enable us to solve questions which to one entirely without bibliographical knowledge would appear quite incapable of solution.

The first two sections (forming by far the larger part of the book) are really only an introduction to the two final chapters of Part III. They are, however, an essential introduction, and Mr. McKerrow has explained the details of the mechanical side of book production with striking clarity and simplicity. Part I is concerned with the making of a book, its composition, imposition, printing, folding, the early printing press, title pages, colophons, etc.; included is a good deal of material on related subjects, such as book prices, the size of early editions, the Stationers' Register, Term Catalogues, censorship. Part II works back from the completed book, and full directions are given as to methods of book description, and the var-

ious points of bibliographical technique. In Part III comes the kernel, a discussion of the relation of the text as it appears to the author's MS. This is followed by appendices on printing types, Elizabethan handwriting and other questions connected more loosely with Mr. McKerrow's central period. To single out a few points from such a full treatment is possibly misleading, but the value of the book to the beginner may be illustrated by such things as the warning about the necessity of taking the 'forme' as the proper unit, and from this the necessity of examining all available copies of an early text (cf. well-titled article by Madan on *The Duplicity of Duplicates*); the importance of type and ornaments, and, to a lesser extent, of water-marks, in the dating of books; the value of signatures in deciding whether a book is an original edition or a reprint, or what was the order of editions; the explanation and literary value of cancels.

The importance of this 'bibliography' must be recognized. Yet it is not difficult to understand why the title of the book aroused comment. The curious may turn to the prolonged correspondence, on the meaning of bibliography, to be found in the Times Literary Supplement for January, February, and March. Mr. McKerrow, although regretting the double duty laid on one word, suggests that perhaps there need be no great confusion, since we have become familiar with the use of 'bibliography'—the study of the material form of books', and 'a bibliography'—'a selection of books to illustrate a given subject' (Spingarn's jealous definition).

Among the April (1928) books is Mr. Eisdale's *The Sources of English Literature*, dedicated to Mr. Pollard, and almost exactly what many must have hoped to find in this *Introduction*. It is interesting to find so well stated there the essential value of the principles set out by Mr. McKerrow. As Mr. Eisdale says, in imaginative literature the exact words of an author are of vital importance; every good student is a good editor *in posse*, he must often decide between rival texts, and the errors and imperfections in the text he has chosen he has to explain 'in ways not inconsistent with the methods of book production of the time.' Bibliographical knowledge is now an essential part of the graduate work in English in several English Universities. Library conditions in America make graduate work here a very different thing; but it is possible that in the case of early literature useful bibliographical training might go well with the familiar Ph.D. counting of weak endings, tracing of parallel passages, attribution of authorship,—and re-hashed literary criticism.

If in search of the sound application of Mr. McKerrow's methods, one need only turn to his own work for the Malone Society, or to his edition of Thomas Nashe.

THE ROAD TO TYBURN

LIVES OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CRIMINALS,
edited by Arthur L. Hayward; (Routledge; pp. XV,
640; 25s.).

THE ENGLISH ROGUE, by Richard Head and Francis Kirkham (Routledge; pp. VIII, 660; with 12 plates; 25s.).

THESE two volumes are the latest additions to a series of magnificent reprints of long-neglected books reflecting the life of the less reputable classes in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The *Lives of the Criminals* is an authentic record of great interest, compiled from the narratives of the Newgate Chaplains which furnished Defoe with so much rich material and which were first collected and published in 1735. The lurid lives of nearly three hundred miscreants are here presented with a simplicity and naturalness that is more effective by far than the embroidered descriptions of the sensation-mongers who write up the careers of our criminals to-day, and they include persons of such infamous memory as Blueskin, Gow the pirate, Jack Shepherd, Jonathan Wild, the sadistic Captain Jaen, and Catherine Hayes.

This last was 'a bloody and inhuman murderer' indeed, and the account of the killing of her husband is one of the most grisly stories in the annals of crime. For the woman and her accomplices got the unsuspecting creature helpless by betting that he could not drink six bottles of good wine without being disordered; and when the poor fellow, after 'singing and dancing about the room with all the gaiety natural to having taken a little too much', fell upon his bed in a stupour and was despatched, the woman held a pail under his head to catch the blood while her confederate hacked it off with a clasp-knife. The head was thrown in the Thames so that even if the body was discovered it might not be identified; but, the tide being low, the head was found in its bloody bucket on a mud bank, and, being cleaned and set up on a pole in the city, was eventually recognized and led to the apprehension of the murderer. She was subsequently burned at Tyburn, just about two hundred years ago:—

Catherine Hayes being brought to the stake, was chained thereto with an iron chain running round her waist and under her arms and a rope about her neck, which was drawn through a hole in the post; then the faggots, intermixed with light brush wood and straw, being piled all round her, the executioner put fire thereto in several places, which immediately blazing out, as soon as the same reached her, with her arms she pushed down those which were before her. When she appeared in the middle of the flames as low as her waist, the executioner got hold of the end of the cord which was round her neck, and pulled tight, in order to strangle her, but the fire soon reached his hand and burnt it, so that he was obliged to let it go again. More faggots were immediately thrown upon her, and in about three or four hours she was reduced to ashes.

These 'Lives' might be expected to have a certain

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diversity, as they include thieves, housebreakers, pirates, deer-stealers, forgers, coiners, murderers, shop-lifters, highwaymen, highwaywomen, horse-stealers, pickpockets, and every other kind of malefactor. But indeed there is a terrible sameness about most of the narratives, both in the life of the criminals and the manner of their end. An enormous number of them were mere brutes, dead to every decent instinct, the slaves of their lusts; savage, treacherous, and utterly irreclaimable. Jack Shepherd, whose escapes from stupid gaolers brought him an unwarranted notoriety, was little better than the worst of this type, and his unsavoury career was brought to an early close because he no sooner escaped from the clutches of the law than he returned to his old haunts and habits and was taken again while so fuddled with drink as not to know what was happening to him. While the miserable end of such wretches as these can hardly stir our sympathies, there are cases recorded here of many young ne'er-do-wells whose ways were consistently evil and who yet evoke our pity as erring fellow-creatures. William Newcomb, who robbed a bank, is typical of this variety:—

Under sentence of death he behaved with great mildness and civility. He confessed his having been as great a sinner as his years would give him leave, addicted to whoring, drunkenness, gaming and having quite obliterated all the religious principles which his former education had instilled into him. However, he endeavoured to retrieve as much as possible the knowledge of his duty, and to fulfill it by praying to Almighty God for the forgiveness of his many offences; and in this disposition of mind he departed this life, on the 17th of February, 1730, being about nineteen years of age.

As Mr. Hayward well says in his preface, if there is a haunted spot in London it must surely be a few square yards that lie a little west of the Marble Arch, for that was where the Tyburn gallows stood for near six centuries and where fifty thousand creatures died violent deaths at the hands of the law. Anyone who can recollect passing that spot by night and day with never a prickle of gooseflesh nor psychic qualm, will be confirmed in his scepticism where ghosts are concerned; but having read this story he will hardly be able to pass that way again without being stirred by the memory of its grim and pitiful associations.

There is not much to be said regarding the companion volume under notice, which is 'a history of the most eminent cheats of both sexes' originally published in the early days of the Restoration period. For although it purports to be a narrative 'where the everyday life of the times is passionately yet truthfully mirrored', it is of no value as a human document and is merely a grossly indecent extravaganza in which bawds and bullies bring their slap-sticks down heavily on the simpletons and cuckolds who wander through its garish scenes. If the *Lives of the Criminals* was the mine in which Defoe delved, it is probable that *The English Rogue* supplied Sir Robert Walpole with much of that bawdy talk he found so necessary to en-

ertain backwoodsmen at his political dinners. The series would have held a much higher average if this volume had been omitted.

R. DE B.

SHORT NOTICES

THE LIFE OF GLADSTONE, by John Morley. Popular edition abridged, with preface by G. F. G. Masterman (Musson Book; pp. xxv, 559; \$1.50).

Morley's *Gladstone* is a historical classic, and is essential to any understanding of nineteenth-century history. On the other hand, its great comprehensiveness, its length, its wealth of detail, and the demands in knowledge which it makes on readers has in a degree robbed it of that wider public which its intrinsic merits deserve. We welcome then, this abridged edition. The great essential features of the larger work are verbally preserved, but the 'links', the 'cementing' elements have been condensed under the direction of Gladstone's two surviving sons. The book will, we believe, have two important results. To those to whom the standard and longer life is familiar, it will afford a renewed pleasure, another meeting in less formal garb with an old friend. To those to whom the larger work is unknown it will in many cases provide an incentive to read it. The late Mr. Masterman's introduction is admirable for the hints which it gives of Gladstone's inner life—aspects deliberately avoided by Morley—these in turn will direct the reader to Lord Bryce's little memoir, and to Lathbury's more intimate study. Mr. Masterman writes with sympathy and with insight, and we only regret that death has recently called him, as there was a general confidence that he would eventually develop his preface into a close personal study—a work for which his political principles and his religious instincts admirably qualified him. As it is, we are grateful for the preface, and for an edition which will add, we feel confident, to the permanent worth of Morley's monumental work.

PILGRIMS OF THE IMPOSSIBLE, by Coningsby Dawson (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 357; \$2.00).

Robin Defoe, June Seaton, and Rupert Keswick are Mr. Dawson's pilgrims, and two of them at least are of the most impossible. Robin and June fall desperately in love, at twenty or thereabouts, and because of June, who is an actress, the idealistic Robin throws up his studies for the ministry and becomes a gay dog of the stage world, writing memoirs for June's manager and plays for fame. Fame is necessary, since June becomes a star of the first pulchritude overnight, and he will not marry to live on her money. After doing her best to seduce him into matrimony, June, while still engaged to him but with the most idealistic motives, elopes with his friend and hero, the brilliant Rupert, whose ideals are not the sort that interfere with his comfort. Having married Rupert because he is a weak idealist and Robin a strong one, June is distressed to find him growing weaker on her bounty and forces Robin to become the friend of the family for the sake of Rupert's moral character. A trying arrangement for honest Robin, whose constant love consumes him still! This irritating situation is prolonged with variations over an immense period, to be terminated only by The War—and four years of it at that. The moral is that the guiding hand of Providence will see a pure man through, even if some decent idiot has to commit murder to save a prig from committing adultery. Mr.

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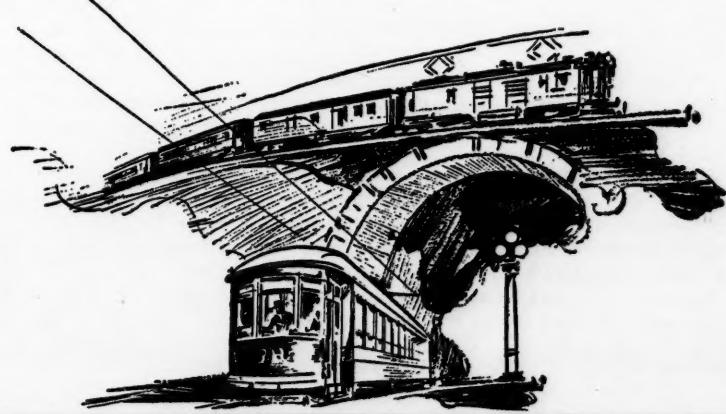
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Dawson's characters (with minor exceptions like the simple Bogo and his Daisy) are no more convincing than his moral. Rupert would, and at times does, make an excellent figure of farce, but as one of tragedy he drips. And while we might accept Robin's seven years' wrestle with the seventh commandment, his struggles against the lesser sin of incontinency provoke the ribald reflection that if the voluptuous Daisy had only worn something less conventional than velvet pyjamas she might have spared us a lot. But all those nice people who conceive life as an egg-and-spoon marathon with every man's sexual virtue as his egg will enjoy the book immensely.

R. de B.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, by Thornton Wilder (A. & C. Boni; pp. 235; \$2.50).

The modern novel is not made for immortality, the hungry generations tread it down. But every now and then a flower comes up of the new form and colour that catches the eye and detains the attention. Mr. Thornton Wilder's previous book, *The Cabala*, gave no special promise of distinction. But this new book of his possesses a freshness of theme, delicacy of treatment, and fineness of literary form that mark it out as one of the most interesting and delightful books of the season. The bridge which gives its title to the book is a Peruvian native bridge of woven lianas spanning a precipitous mountain gorge. The bridge, after serving its purpose for many generations, suddenly snaps and five people who are crossing it perish. A pious and simple-minded friar, brother Juniper, whose mind has long wrestled with the problem of Providence, sees in this apparently sinister happening what the scientist would call a 'controlled' experiment. He determines to follow up the lives of these five victims of Providence to their remotest ramifications. No detail is too trivial. He spends a laborious life in amassing a vast pile of material relating to these five individuals, and produces a ponderous tome which to his simple mind constitutes the first complete and final vindication of the moral order of the universe. The ultimate irony of the whole business is that the Holy Office condemns the unfortunate friar to be burnt in the market-place together with his cherished theodicy. Mr. Wilder's book purports to present a selection from the friar's documents, the letters, diaries, and gossip, which, like the lianas of the bridge, twine together in one tragic destiny the lives of five people of utterly dissimilar birth and history. There is a quiet delicate beauty, a simplicity of treatment, a breadth of conception, and a tragic irony without bitterness, that make Mr. Wilder's new book one that the discerning reader will return to again and again with fresh enjoyment.

S.H.H.

QUICKSAND, by Nella Larsen (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 302; \$3.50).

This sets out to be the tale of a mulatto girl caught in the conflict of two races; it becomes a tragedy of the commonplace that actually has nothing to do with race troubles; and it remains a good, and in many ways an unusual, story. That it is a first novel possibly explains the inadequacy of its style. 'An observer would have thought her well fitted to that framing of light and shade.' Oh, yes, Helga was a girl with well turned arms and legs, delicately chiselled ears and an air of radiant, careless health. Her room was comfortable and furnished with rare and intensely personal taste. But such inanities are forgiven by the odd flash: 'The husband of Mrs. Hayes-Quicksand there is none of the deep passionate tragedy of

Rore had at one time been a dark thread in the soiled fabric of Chicago's South Side politics.' And more serious than hackneyed phrases and meaningless adjectives is the author's shirking from action. She prefers to relate an incident, reflectively, after it has happened and overworks the auxiliary 'had.' Perhaps she was afraid that if she became dramatic she would be theatric. There is this to be said for her restraint: it saves her from being flamboyant and from making capital out of the 'picturesqueness' of Harlem. There is more life in the book when, toward the climax, she joins the heroine in letting go. In the woman who is neither white nor black and who longs to be both. Helga's fear of marrying a white and bringing more trouble into the world is quite casual, and her yearning for the negro is, after all, no more than a symbol of her physical dissatisfaction. There is ironic humour in this book, although the last stroke is too deliberately labeled 'Irony, after Anatole France'. What a pity Miss Larsen was afraid of her comic spirit! Let's hope that in her next novel she will give it a show and that she will allow herself to be more vivid.—R.H.A.

THE MIDNIGHT FOLK, by John Masefield (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 269; \$2.50).

Masefield has thrown much of himself into this book, without producing anything which is likely to appeal very strongly to any kind of reader. It is not a boys' book, chiefly because it is not wholeheartedly anything. Its changes of mood, of time and scene would be disconcerting and worrying to the youthful reader—as they are in fact to his elders. The book is a jumble of interests, reminiscences, and yearnings which is interesting not for its own sake but as a commentary on the strange, beauty-loving, wistful mind of its author. Moods expressed in works like *Melloney Holtspur* and *Sard Harker* here are but slightly suggested, but we can trace the same pre-occupations of spirit, the same regrets and unsatisfied longings.

It is unfortunate that the adventure story behind the book should be so much behind it. It is so obscured by the veil of cats and witches that we cannot feel it as a real flesh-and-blood adventure, and it is this mistiness and vagueness which ruins the book. *Sard Harker* and *Otdaa* are the substance of which this is the very feeble shadow.

M.A.F.

CIVILIZATION REMADE BY CHRIST, by F. A. M. Spencer (Allen & Unwin; pp. 187; 7/6).

The title of this book is somewhat misleading. It is not intended to imply that civilization has been remade by Christ, but to prove that it can be and needs to be remade by Christ. It is a thoughtful book, intensely well-meaning, but not always convincing in its attempt to find a sanction in the teaching of Jesus for such modern conceptions as eugenics and contraception. His view of the influence of Christianity upon civilization is naturally an *ex parte* one, and open to serious objections. Moreover, the attempt to accommodate the teaching of one whose vision was almost wholly occupied with a heavenly and supernatural order of things to the modern world can never be successful, and in the end only weakens the attack upon the disorders of present-day society. With these reservations, the book is a sincere and worthy attempt to reinforce the efforts of modern reformers. But whether civilization can be remade, or is worth remaking, will still remain a pertinent question to many minds.

S.H.H.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice or review in this or subsequent issues.

THE HISTORY OF EUROPEAN LIBERALISM, by Guido de Ruggiero (Oxford University Press; pp. 476; \$4.75).

THE WORLD COURT, 1922-1928, by Manley O. Hudson (World Peace Foundation; pp. 156; 30 cents).

PILGRIMS OF THE IMPOSSIBLE, by Coningsby Dawson (Doubleday Doran and Gundy; pp. 357; \$2.00).

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, by James Oliver Curwood (Doubleday Doran and Gundy; pp. 316; \$2.00).

GUIDE TO SHAKESPEARE'S STRATFORD, by Edgar I. Fripp (Oxford University Press; pp. 86; 75 cents).

A SHORT HISTORY OF MEDICINE, by Charles Singer (Oxford University Press; pp. xxiv., 368; \$2.25).

THE HOUSE OF SUN-GOES-DOWN, by Bernard de Voto (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 408; \$2.50).

MOROCCO FROM A MOTOR, by Paul E. Vernon (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 184; \$3.75).

LETTERS OF PONTIUS PILATE, Edited by W. P. Crozier (Cape-Nelson; pp. 160; \$1.50).

THE UNBURIED DEAD, by Stephen McKenna (Butterworth-Nelson; pp. 316; \$2.00).

MORPHEUS OR THE FUTURE OF SLEEP, by D. F. Fraser-Harris (Kegan Paul-Musson; Today and Tomorrow Series; pp. 94; 85 cents).

THE MONTEFORTS, by Martin Mills (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 350; \$2.00).

STORMING HEAVEN, by Ralph Fox (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 311; \$2.00).

AMERICAN INQUISITORS, by Walter Lippman (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 120; \$1.50).

WHEN WEST WAS WEST, by Owen Wister (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 449; \$2.50).

THE LYRIC FLUTE, by Reuben Butchart (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 78; \$1.50).

CREATION BY EVOLUTION, a consensus, edited by Frances Mason (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xx, 392; \$6.00).

THE LAST SHEAF, by Edward Thomas (Cape-Nelson; pp. 221; \$2.25).

BUT—GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES, by Anita Loos (McLean & Smithers; pp. 248; \$2.00).

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM, by Bernard Shaw (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxvi, 395; \$4.00).

WILLIAM HUSKISSON AND LIBERAL REFORM, by Alexander Brady (Oxford University Press; pp. 177; \$3.75).

MASTERS OF THE COLOUR PRINT, W. Giles (The Studio; pp. 6, and 8 plates in colour; 5/-).

THE POET OF GALILEE, by William Ellery Leonard (Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 159; \$2.00).

POLITICIANS AND THE WORLD WAR, by Lord Beaverbrook (Nelson; pp. 240; \$3.00).

AESTHETICS OF THE NOVEL, by Van Meter Ames (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 221; \$2.75).

HAROLD THE WEBBED, by Aloysius Horn (Cape-Nelson; pp. 256; \$2.50).

CANADIAN WONDER TALES, by Cyrus Macmillan (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 240; \$1.25).

CANADIAN FAIRY TALES, by Cyrus Macmillan (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 234; \$1.25).

THE BATTLE OF THE HORIZONS, by Sylvia Thompson (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 322; \$2.00).

DR. ARNOLD OF RUGBY, by Arnold Whitridge (Macmillans in Canada; pp. lli, 243; \$3.00).

WORLD PROSPERITY AND PEACE, being a report on the work of the International Economic Conference (P. S. King; pp. 188; 5/-).

FOUR CENTURIES OF MEDICAL HISTORY IN CANADA, by John J. Heagerty (Macmillans in Canada; 2 Volumes; pp. 395 and 375; \$12.00).

A HISTORY OF MONTREAL, 1640-1672. From the French of Dollier de Casson. Translated and edited by Ralph Flenley (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 384; \$7.50).

The Canadian Journal of Religious Thought

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THE LATE SIR EDMUND GOSSE.

THE 'Victorian Veterans,' as they have been called, they who carried on the tradition of the nineteenth century into the twentieth, get fewer year by year. Sir Edmund Gosse, the last to go, has not long survived his friend Thomas Hardy. Like Hardy, he died with work in hand, still keen on the campaign. The last of the articles he wrote week by week for a London Sunday paper, now printed posthumously, shows no signs of weakening interest. In it, speaking of De Quincey's recovered *Diary* (published in a Noel Douglas Replica), he says, 'It is remarkable that though De Quincey read incessantly and so soon consorted with men of letters, he was very late in taking up the professional pen.' Gosse remained for a long time in Whitehall as a civil servant—he was translator to the Board of Trade when I knew him—after he had won a critic's and poet's reputation. He was what we may call an unattached author, who did not in the most exacting sense 'live by his pen.' At intervals, very frequent intervals, he darted into the field and joined the fray, and then went back and looked on from the row of spectators. This detachment accounted for something in his attitude, which was sympathetic in venue, but liable to witty and ironical revisions or qualifications. His tongue was even keener than his pen, and stories are still told at the Saville Club of an unlucky playwright who stayed on after a lunch-party, afraid of the comments on his last night's play; and when a friend asked him, 'Are you not going?' replied 'Not until Gosse goes!'

IN WHITEHALL GARDENS.

When I first knew him, Mr. Gosse (as he was then) had a pleasant room at the Board of Trade in Whitehall Gardens. It was not at all like an ordinary government office, as he had adorned it with prints and bookshelves and a mysterious green curtain behind which were secreted tea-cups, a brass kettle and concomitants. He brewed me a cup of tea that October afternoon, talked lightly of his professional duties, and pointed to seductive volumes of French poets in paper covers, mixed up with the government *dossiers*. This must not seem to imply that he neglected his official work, which I believe he did with great thoroughness. He damped at first my too sanguine literary expectations by speaking of the fogs and fatalities of Fleet Street, and the morasses into which I might blunder. But he was a good-humoured cynic, and ready to give

a little diplomatic advice by the way, which he followed up by giving me notes to potential editors. The wonder was that he took so much trouble over a casual recruit. Afterwards he contributed two books to two different series I was editing, a reprint of his early work *Northern Studies* and *A Volume of Restoration Plays*. How like him, in the second of these, is his final word about Moliere's grudging plagiary Shadwell. 'It is almost annoying,' he says, 'to have to admit in the face of such fatuity that Shadwell's bustling comedies really have some humour.' Not many weeks before his death, Sir Edmund spoke at an Ibsen dinner, when Bernard Shaw and other playwrights were among his fellow celebrants, and recalled wittily how far back his stage experience went. It was a characteristic exit he made at the end. Seeing how grave his case was, the surgeons offered him a choice of measures; one safe, that would mean the invalid's lot; the other, dangerous, but offering the single chance of a cure. Without hesitating, he chose the second, and who will not think him wise in taking that hard alternative?

THE NEW-OLD VIC.

An invitation from Miss Lilian Baylis, who is now an honorary M.A. at Oxford, led me the other night to see *King Lear* in the rebuilt and renewed 'Old Vic' of many memories. The old house in Waterloo Road, on the south side of the Thames, not so far from Shakespeare's Southwark site, had a character of its own, recalling the transpontine theatres of an earlier day, and the playgoers had a zest in their playgoing that gave reciprocal life to the action on the stage. So one went back with some uneasiness, lest the familiar associations and the special temper of the place should have gone under the intrepid restorer's hands. Happily the New Old-Vic proved not to have lost its savour of reality mixed with illusion. In Stephen Leacock's delicious Shakespearean fantasy *Saloonio* you will remember how the Colonel said, 'Oh, it's a subtle thing, sir, the dramatic art' and pointed out how his disappearing Wyoming hero was in every scene of *The Merchant of Venice*. The old Colonel was so far right in his delusion, that every theatre has a type of its own, a dramatic ghost, an abstraction of all the parts and all the actors ever present on its stage.

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And so it was with the 'Old Vic.' Would it have lost its mysterious impersonator with the new dispensation, I wondered? Impious question! Trust Miss Baylis to keep the old cordial tradition intact. So it was I watched *King Lear* once more assayed, 'the bitter sweet of this Shakespearean fruit' (to quote Keats), and came away like the Old Major crying out 'That's it! That's him!' shaken by the terror and pity of the last scene. No other house today could produce quite the same illusion, or command that same enthusiasm in the audience. Was every part and every scene then perfect? Why no. But the play was the thing. I had really seen *King Lear*.

A TOWN AND COUNTRY DEBATE.

Sir Edmund Gosse once confessed how hard he found it to write prose or verse away from the stimulating under-tones of the London hubbub. Recently a symposium on the artistic reaction of writers to town and country has been going on in the press; and it may be interesting to gather some of the opinions proffered in favour of one or the other. The editor of the *Countryman* it was, a clever *entrepreneur*, who started the discussion, and Mr. E. V. Lucas, one of the parties invoked, has been summing up the results for us. Taking them alphabetically, Arnold Bennett who comes first does not care at all where he writes. Nor does Mr. Belloc. As for Mr. Chesterton he:

denies that he has ever done any good work anywhere, but he prefers the country to live in. Miss Clemence Dane has no particular choice, but fancies that her work done in the country is better. Mr. John Drinkwater declines to elaborate. Mr. St. John Ervine, so long as he is free from interruption, can work anywhere, but he prefers that the receiver should be off. Dr. Havelock Ellis chooses the country to write in, and Mr. Galsworthy can work anywhere in the quiet, but fancies that his best work has been done in the country. Next, Mr. Aldous Huxley deals out shrewd buffets in his uncompromising way. 'The Headmaster of Westminster' he writes, 'seems to imagine that noise and hustle are synonymous with vitality. I should have thought a very superficial observation of men and societies was sufficient to expose this fallacy. The noise and agitation of modern cities are, for the great majority of people, impediments to serious inward living of good spiritual quality.' Mr. Masefield does all his work in the country and out of doors for choice. Mr. A. A. Milne finds the country more distracting, but can work 'equally well or badly' anywhere. Mr. George Moore remarks, 'I should like everybody to remember that people taken up from the country to be educated in the towns never return to the country'.

On this urban note we pause, but only long enough to reckon the pros and cons, and find that the country, not the town, has a large majority of votes.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

Little space is left for the count of new books, some of which may appear before June is out and July in. The Cambridge University Press has nearly ready Professor Edward Dent's work, on which he has been engaged for some years, *Foundations of English*

Opera. This was of those war-delayed books, of which some may never now see the light. Among biographies, we may note two that draw on new material as well as old, one of David Livingstone, by Mr. Charles Finger, and the second of William O'Brien, by Michael MacDonagh. The author of the latter 'Life' has not only had O'Brien's papers to draw on, but the notes of many conversations, hot from the event. The book is not only a study of a remarkable man, but an attempt to explain the psychology of Irish Nationalism, constitutional and revolutionary, from the rise of Parnell to the establishment of the Free State. Another Irish item, that should be of good account is a book on *Spencer in Ireland*, by a woman-writer, Miss Pauline Henley.

ERNEST RHYS.



THE EDITOR, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

SIR:—As a member of the Canadian Authors' Association, I should feel disturbed at the accusation made by A. J. M. Smith, during the course of his article deplored the lack of adequate Canadian criticism, that I have yielded to the temptation of the devil, and, ceasing to be an artist, become a merchant. However, I am naturally a bit of an insurgent and ever ready to listen to lamentations, particularly when they are well written. So that I rather enjoyed the piquancy of Mr. Smith's remarks.

Still, I feel that Mr. Smith is looking in the wrong direction when he drags the name of the Canadian Authors' Association into a discussion of lack of Canadian criticism. So far as I can determine, and I have looked the matter up pretty thoroughly, the avowed purpose of the Canadian Authors' Association is, and has been always, the protection, financial and otherwise, of Canadian writers.

As an organization it is, perhaps, no less than Canadian writing, in need of competent criticism. Its list of members contains the names of many who can have little, if any, hope of achieving literary fame. It may not have done much good but, looking at it in a fair way, it does not seem to have done any harm. Certainly there is a greater appreciation of the possibilities of Canadian literature at the present time than there was when the association came into existence.

Personally, I can testify that I, a man, whose sole qualification for classification as an 'author' is the minor one of the possession of a moderate degree of skill in the art of writing, have been afforded opportunities for contact and development by the Canadian Authors' Association which I could have received in no other way. I feel free to say this particularly since I am in no way connected with the association otherwise than as an ordinary regular member. The moderate amount which I pay for this privilege I consider among my best investments.

Yours, etc.,

Westmount, P.Q.

T. M. MORROW.

TRADE AND INDUSTRY

THE FOURTH CONGRESS ON THE R.T.U.I.

RECENT reports on industrial organization, published by the International Labour Office at Geneva, include an account, in considerable detail, of the Fourth Congress of the (Red) Trade Union International, held at Moscow this spring.

There were present 421 delegates representing forty-nine countries and four organizations—respectively, the Communist International, (Red) Sports International, (Red) Peasants International, and Young Communists International. Rather more than 200 delegates came from countries where 'Red' trade union organizations possess a legal status, and about the same number from countries where such unions are not recognized by law. It is estimated that the R.T.U.I. has 19,000,000 members, distributed as follows:—

U.S.S.R.	10,200,000
China	3,000,000
Germany	1,000,000
Great Britain	700,000
France	525,000
United States	388,000
Czecho-Slovakia	210,000
Australia	120,000
Cuba	100,000
23 Other Countries	610,000
Canada	10,000

Readers of THE CANADIAN FORUM may be surprised, in reading this statement, both at the considerable number of members claimed in the United States, and at the very small number claimed in Canada. The publicity given to the putative 10,000 proletarian Communists of Canada, by the more timorous organs of the 'capitalist' press, is out of all proportion to their numbers; and if it were paid for, like advertising of other kinds at space rates, not all the gold in Moscow would suffice to pay the bill.

Most of the talking at the Congress appears to have been done by the General Secretary of the R.T.U.I., Mr. Lozovsky, from whose speeches certain extracts are here offered. Speaking of the relations of the R.T.U.I. with the other great trade union bodies of the world, the International Federation of Trade Unions (with which the British Trades Union Congress is affiliated), and the American Federation of Labour, Mr. Lozovsky said:—

The Russian trade unions are part of the 'Red' Trade Union International and will remain so. As regards their affiliation to the I.F.T.U., the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party declared in 1925 that there was no question of it, just as it is impossible for the U.S.S.R. to become affiliated to the League of Nations. This decision is definite. The soviet trade unions cannot and will not do anything whatsoever contrary to the decisions of the Communist Party and of the Communist International.

The campaign in favour of unity is destined to win over the masses of the workers from the organisations of the Amsterdam International. In announcing the watch-

word of trade union unity, we know perfectly well that the leaders in Amsterdam will do nothing for unity, for they have formed a united front with the bourgeoisie. In declaring the necessity for unity, we have in view the mass of the workers, who still follow the Amsterdam trade unions. We shall continue this struggle for unity in so far as it may help to rouse the activity of the proletariat.

To simplify its task, the R.T.U.I. must create almost everywhere in the world auxiliary organizations for the propaganda of unity, in the style of the Anglo-Russian Committee (dissolved), the Russo-Scandinavian Committee, the Trade Union Bureau of the Pacific Countries, and the Trade Union Bureau (in process of formation) of the countries of Latin America.

As regards the policy of the 'Red' trade union organizations in countries with Labour Governments, it is clear, after the experience of the MacDonald Government and the Scandinavian Governments, that the R.T.U.I. can only fight those governments in the same way as *bourgeois* Governments, since the Labour and Socialist parties have become supporters of capitalism. The 'Red' trade unions must not link their fate in any way with that of such Governments, but must keep their complete independence. As regards Russia, the situation is different. Soviet trade unionism has never been independent in the sense in which this word is understood by anarchists and anarch-syndicalists. The trade unions of the U.S.S.R. are entirely under the direction of the Communist Party. It is therefore logical that they should pursue the same policy as that of the Communist Government of the Soviet Union.

One or two interesting decisions on particular questions are also summarized below:—

As regards racial problems, the congress confirmed the policy pursued by the R.T.U.I., that of struggling for the suppression of all obstacles in the way of the admission of coloured workers to trade unions of white workers. This question was declared to be particularly important in the United States; it was decided to create there special trade unions for negroes and also to fight for the admission of negroes into white trade unions. A similar policy was contemplated in South Africa.

The congress decided to undertake intense propaganda among the young people of the working classes, both in the 'Reformist' trade unions and in the 'Red' trade union organizations, in order to induce the young people to take an active part in the life of the trade unions, and to win them over to the revolutionary trade union movement.

As regards the English minority movement, the congress decided that a more energetic struggle must be kept up against the General Council of the Trades Union Congress and the 'Reformist' trade union leaders, as well as against class co-operation.

The German minority movement must act in the same way and intensify the struggle against the Social Democrats and attempts at rationalization of industry.

The 'Red' trade unions in the United States must not hesitate to create new revolutionary trade union organizations and especially to attack the leaders of existing trade unions, particularly the heads of the American Federation of Labour.

At the close of the Congress, the Central Council of the R.T.U.I., elected by the Congress, proceeded to appoint the Executive Bureau, composed of 21 members and 15 'candidates'.

The names of 19 members have been published in *Trud*. These are Messrs. Tom Mann (Great Britain), Heckert (Germany), Foster and Ford (United States), Delobelle (France), Wolan (Scandinavian Countries), Martinez and Ciqueiros (Latin America), Gais (Czecho-Slovakia), Garden (Australia), Kinoura (Japan), Su (China), Germanetto (Italy), Witkowski (Poland), Tomsky, Yaglom, Gay and Lepse (Soviet Union). The post of General Secretary was again entrusted to Mr. Lozovsky.

The date fixed for the next (fifth) congress is 15 July, 1930, the tenth anniversary of the 'Red' Trade Union International. The place of meeting will be chosen later.

All of which confirms the impressions long ago formed by the ordinary citizen in countries other than

Russia about the meaning and purpose of the R.T.U.I. Whereas other trade union federations exist for the furthering of trade union interests and are interested in an incidental manner only where other purposes are concerned, the R.T.U.I., professedly the mouthpiece of 19,000,000 trade unionists, does not spontaneously speak of them at all, but is an instrument of propaganda for the Communist Party, with aims that are frankly political. Its opposition to the 'regular' trade union movement in every capitalist country is far fiercer than the opposition of the most reactionary capitalist. It would, indeed, gladly enlist the services of the reactionary capitalists in order to destroy the 'regular' trade union movement.

If there is nothing novel in all this—if it merely serves to confirm what is already currently believed—it is nevertheless worth while to put these proceedings on record, if only to bring home to the reader the vast gulf which separates the right and left wings of the labour movement. In every country there is a section of the press, which denounces every labour leader as a 'red', including impartially within its communiation clauses the Greens and the Moores and the Simsons, the Thomases, and the Rossonis with the reddest of the revolutionaries. Actually, the moderate-minded leaders of the Trades and Union Congress in Canada, the American Federation of Labour, and the British Trades Union Congress find themselves exposed continually to a cross-fire. From one side they may be raked at any time by the heavy artillery of big industry, with which they come in conflict over questions of wages and hours, of great importance to their followers. From the other side, and with deadlier intent, they are continually sniped at by social revolutionaries, to whom each setback to the regular trade union movement is a matter of rejoicing, since it will weaken the hold of the moderate leaders, and perhaps drive some of their followers into the revolutionary camp. Theirs is a thankless task, to hold steadfastly to the middle course between opposed extremists; but on their staunchness and continued good sense much depends.

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